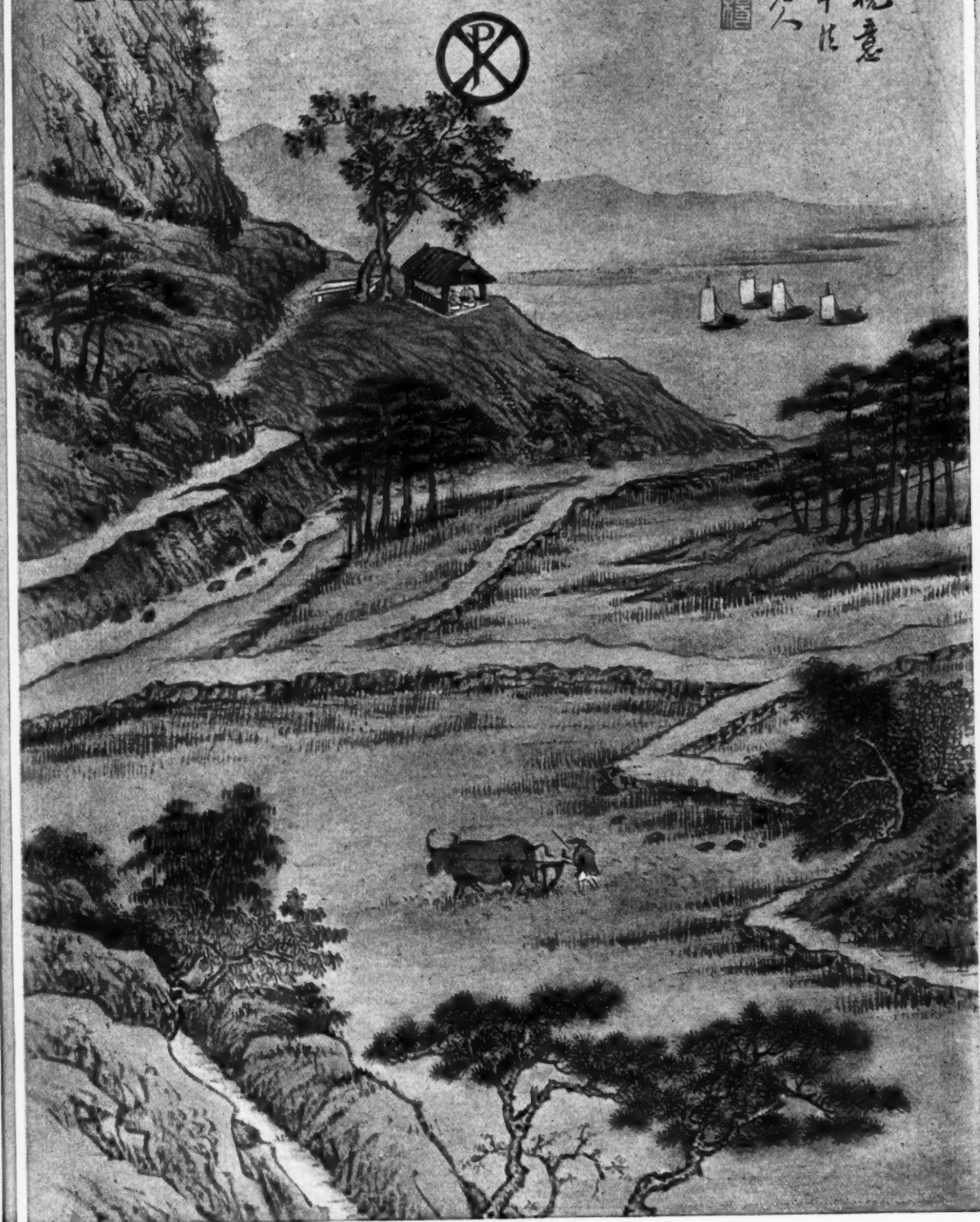


THE FIELD AER



春曉
依越六十年
楊嘉人



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"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

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Communications for Korea may be addressed to the Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, Tenshudo, Gishu, North Hieanto, Korea.

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THE FIELD AFAR

JULY-AUGUST, 1924

Korea, the Land of Morning Calm.



FR. BYRNE (Patrick J.) left Maryknoll last year to open our Korean mission. Some months after his arrival, he was joined by two other priests and one Brother. They make a very happy company, smiling at difficulties, while with a limited knowledge of language, and other handicaps, they plant a little further the Saving Cross of Jesus the Christ. What Ho—Maryknollers!

How fare ye all on Sunset Hill? The Knoll that is in Korea salutes ye; salvos from the Land of the Morning Calm! "Mornin' calm!"—alanna—sure 'tis only a poet could dress up the truth like that, and he has to take out a license to do it. Can you imagine truthful George a poet? . . . "Now father dear, please don't blame me; the hatchet held my hand, you see." Never! And had George christened Korea 'twould be more properly the land of the morning FOG — calm enough till the noontide breezes blow.

It may be that the poet was referring to the people, usually quite calm and collected until the day is fairly well along. For them 'tis the Land of the Morning Snooze, and their consciences are audibly clear—those at least who can thus afford to dream, a privilege not measured by wealth.

Sooner or later every new missionary must utter a sad homily on the fruitful lessons our headlong heathen at home might draw from the far-superior Oriental. Let us herewith discharge this obligation by earnestly urging our impetuous young bloods to meditate often upon this Land of Nod; to consider the peaceful lives of these Knights of Nirvana; to take firm resolutions against yielding to energy; and to repeat frequently during the day, "*In pace in idipsum, dormiam et requiescam.*"

But what calumny is this on the industrious Korean, who in his labors oft heraldeth the chariot of Phoebus and lingers a tardy page in the train of Diana! Have we uncovered the identity of contradictions? We dare not tarry on this subject so far beyond our depth: "Why is the Oriental, and how does he get that way?" Perhaps some day we may mount to the house-tops and proclaim our vision, but we are as yet very much in the dark, seeing nought save contradictions; and there is a sage warning to all green missionaries, from those who are ripe, and over, to pass no judgment prior to three years' acquaintance with the subject to be dissected. Wherefore let us hold our peace, and for the nonce forget our pieces.

There may seem to ye Maryknollers a strange intermission between the Korean records, but you should not forget the considerable difference in time between our home and yours. However, in the interests of our mutual archives, it may not be amiss to recapitulate a bit and measure an occasional footprint in the sands of time.

Our last record ran down to Seoul, in the middle of summer. We are now winding up again at Gishu, in the middle of winter. Whereas then we were frying, now we are congealed. There's no pleasing some folks!

All the same, Seoul is no place for an Eskimo in summer time. The Bishop's House, where we were cordially welcomed to spend the dog days, is large and airy, and well placed on an eminence to catch any stray breezes. The trouble is the breezes are too well-behaved to stray. They remained quietly at home all summer, and, as far as we could notice, never ventured out without at least a cloud-burst for chap-eron. Seoul is surrounded by a moun-

tain ring that puts the entire city in a sort of basin, from which the sole escape for the plenitudinous rainfall is by evaporation. Throughout the summer the city is treated to a Turkish bath, and whenever there are any signs of either the heat or the water running low, the required sunshine or rain is instantly forthcoming. The temperature of the house seemed content to rest at one hundred four, but the mercury without was prone to romp at will. In the near-by printery, it was impossible to work the presses during the daytime, for the rubber ink-rollers would begin to melt and drip as soon as put in motion. The expedient was tried of having a boy hard by to fan them, but this was soon abandoned. Why, I din-na ken—perhaps they caught cold from the draft. The printing hours were then from five in the afternoon till as late in the night as the men would stay, which varied with the approach of payday.

Towards the end of July came the heaviest rainfalls, daily deluges that drowned the downs; shaving the mountain heads of their scrubby whiskers; sweeping all before them on the slopes, whether houses, barns, or crops; and flooding furiously through the valleys with a volume and a force that made playthings of even concrete-and-steel railroad bridges. Thousands were drowned through ignorance of the nature of their own mud homes. As the floods rose, whole families would seek refuge on the roofs, forgetting that their sanctuary was supported by mere walls of mud. It took the water but a short time to dissolve this earthly support, whereupon the entire family would sink with the thatched roof beneath the muddy waters, to struggle for awhile.

After seeing this devastation and loss of life, it comes with rather a shock

YOU SAW THEIR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE FIELD AFAR.



SEOUL, KOREA, UNDER A SUMMER FLOOD.

to the tenderfoot missionary to be told that such disasters are annual—being due, in large measure, to stripping the ubiquitous mountain ranges of every vestige of vegetation that might catch and hold the torrential rains. Yet after being quite carried away with his house, the Korean farmer will, if his life be spared, return to the same site and build again in the same way. The burnt child may avoid the fire, but the flooded Korean is built on nautical lines and kisses the bucket he almost kicked. We should try to teach him either to build as Father Noah did, or else to seek some safer site.

But every cloud-burst has its silver lining, and the one good result of this universal flushing to the sea is the riddance of rubbish and smells that have gathered everywhere in force, pungent bouquets to the god of Laziness, standing invitations to Disease. The newly-washed countryside may present a sorry scene in wreckage, but there's a sweetness to the air and a cleanliness under foot that, to the foreigner, seems worth at least a tithe of the toil exacted in ruins.

The ebbing of the flood found us picking our way northward, over improvised bridges and shunt roads, to Shingishu on the Manchurian border, three hundred miles away. Here we embarked on an amphibious Lizzy for a fifteen-mile wallow eastward to Gishu, the ancient and honorable capital of the northern province of Penganto, and, until recently jilted by the railway, the northern gateway to Ko-

rea. Through Gishu, in 1784, came the first apostle of Christianity, a Korean layman baptized while on a visit to Peking; through Gishu came the first priest, a Chinese, in 1795; through Gishu, in 1834, entered the first French missionary; the first Korean priest in 1845; in Gishu was started the first Maryknoll mission, in 1923, and there will be the first convent of the Maryknoll Sisters. Staggering under such a heavy load of prestige, it was imperative that the first Maryknoll pastor of Gishu should bear a name of high repute, and the choice consequently fell upon the Rev. Patrick Henry Cleary, whose inherited eloquence and ancestry

have already . . . but the book of etiquette frowns upon anticipation. We had just arrived at Gishu, after the deluge.

The genial Korean pastor, Fr. Paul Sye, was as dry as when we last saw him in May, but we had to wade a bit to reach the mission compound, happily placed on a knoll at the outskirts of the town. After formal greetings by the assembled Christians, who doubled their daily dozen by profound salaams, we made our way to the church, which, though aloof with its Gothic lines in an oriental setting, yet houses the same Master and Lord of all—to the eternal glory of those intrepid lovers of the Cross who came from afar to make here their home, gladly severed bonds that this people might be free, and died that it might live to Christ. These are now the adopted patrons of Maryknoll-in-Korea, and though there was doubtless no need, we reminded them of the fact.

We left the church with a rattle and a roar. This is the grammatical truth. The heavy roof tiles had been as usual applied with liberal smears of mud, but the violent rains had had a thing or two to say about this sort of cement; and then, too, as the pastor explained, the ridge was a mite steep for Korean



NEW BRIDGE AT PENGYANG CROSSED OFTEN BY MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN KOREA.

tiles. At frequent zero hours one or another of them would break all earthly ties, have a rattling good time down the roof, and boldly leap off into space to meet any and all comers. The latest prodigal nearly raised a teapot on our dome, but the pastor tenderly retrieved him, and calling for sexton, ladder, and mud, had him restored to his vacant home. An occasional avalanche didn't worry the pastor—one could always hear it and dodge, he said—but it was certainly a bother putting the tile back, for the roof was so steep that only his faithful sexton had nerve enough to play steeple jack, and said sexton was so exceptionally well trained that he would be difficult to replace. We murmured our sympathy and suggested a heavy accident insurance, but such thoughts aren't harbored on the missions. As a next resort, we mentioned a corrugated-iron roof, and the speed wherewith this advance was converted to a proposal of payment, and accepted, left us to wonder if the whole thing weren't cleverly staged by the steeple jack's guardian angel. At any rate, the tiles came down in a body and are now at ease awaiting service on Fr. Cleary's new school, to be built with the money he hopes to get some day, while the corrugated-iron roof, ugly but safe, has effectually cleared the air of meteors.

The next stop of the rubberneck wagon was at the rectory. As our immediate purpose in coming to Gishu was the preparation of winter quarters for the Maryknoll missionaries due in October, we took out our little notebook and started on an inventory of trouble. It was short indeed. What good angel inspired this Korean priest, several years ago, to erect a European castle amid the mud-beplastered homes that are Gishu? True, the castle is only a bungalow, with rooms nine by nine, but were it not here we should be living like the rest of the Korean bugs, in a little mud hut. Our castle is built of bricks ornately disposed, and with a delightful currycomb frieze for-nest the eaves, whilst the cement between is so carefully whitened that only a suspicious character would hazard that it might be mud. A tabula-



A Korean farmer, after being quite carried away with his house, returns and builds again in the same way.

tion of rooms revealed quarters for three of the coming guests, while the fourth could be accommodated by enclosing and partitioning the royal solarium. These rooms were in their natal state, unspoiled by furniture, but Fr. Sye solved the puzzle by reporting a Chinese carpenter in town, who, for good American eagles, could put a Chippendale into the attic discard. This was good news indeed, and a white-robed messenger was dispatched at once for the wonder worker in wood, who was all but overcome with the honor of receiving extensive commissions for the department of the interior, as well as double doors and windows to repel winter blows from the Arctic. We were about to introduce the question of a kitchen, and cook's quarters, neither being visible, when the good pastor presented his prize exhibit. Like all true castles, ours had a moat, though we had never suspected it. Therein lay its beauty. No enemy

would suspect it, either, unless he tried a cellar entrance. "Two feet of water if there's an inch," was the proud boast of Fr. Sye, pointing to his private ocean. "I take out a dozen pailfuls every day between meals, but the level holds its own." It may have been because what was rejected above had no trouble rejoining the main body through the cementless cellar walls.

There came a temptation to stock up with fish for fresh meals on Fridays, but Fr. Sye declared the whole pond froze solid in winter time, when there was an abundance of rinks outside, so it was decided to hire a digger and discharge the moat. It must be admitted that we thereby lost considerable face with the natives, who couldn't conceive of anyone objecting to a convenient supply of water, a commodity that some had perforce to lug no little distance. The operation necessitated a cut sixty feet long, and, in places, fourteen deep.

(To be continued)

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En Passant.

AT the reception to His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, a photo ferret from the Knoll managed to get two unusual shots which we record as special souvenirs of that great event.

A mission story contest and a mission drama contest are announced in *The Shield*, the enterprising organ of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Congratulations to Saint Elizabeth's College on its Silver Jubilee! This College has a student body of about three hundred. The Catholic Foreign Mission Society is pleased that Saint Elizabeth's is one of the Maryknoll founders.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Fréri, who for many years has been the National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States, has been made a bishop in recognition of his services to foreign missions.

We read much in European Catholic papers of the Pio Unio Cleri, a mission society for the clergy, and we hope that this splendid idea will be taken up in



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL HAYES ARRIVING AT THE CATHEDRAL ENTRANCE, NEW YORK

America. It would naturally be fostered by some general mission organization.

Under the auspices of the American Mission Board of the Catholic Hospital Association, lectures were given in New York this past spring by Sir Bertram Windle. The Catholic Hospital Association is now widely spread throughout the United States and worthy of an even greater development.

Summer days will bring to you

new friends, and a very natural subject of conversation will be old friends whom you would like to have admired. Count *THE FIELD AFAR* among them! Say a good word and introduce us. Thank you.

Many friends of Fr. Ford and of Maryknoll in general, were interested in the Associated Press dispatch about the kidnaping of our two missionaries, Fr. Ford and Fr. Gleason. At this writing we have had no news further than that given to us by the Associated Press, but we are quite sure that all is well; otherwise we should have received a dispatch. A little later our friends will probably be able to read, at first hand, the story of the incident.

The Maryknoll Sisters are frequently asked to offer prayers and labors for the intentions of their friends and ours, and beginning with August 15, the Feast of the Assumption, they will make successive novenas to meet these requests. One novena will follow immediately that which precedes. Requests may be made directly to the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic.



THE AUXILIARY BISHOP OF NEW YORK ON A MEMORABLE DAY.

THE HOLY FATHER LOOKS TO AMERICA

The Prefecture Apostolic of Kongmoon.

THE many friends of Maryknoll will be interested to read a translation in part of the Brief by which Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has set aside for our young Society its first Prefecture Apostolic.

POPE PIUS XI

To the future memory of the event.

Now that the Venerable Brother Anthony Fourquet, Ordinary of the Apostolic Vicariate of Canton, has heard and given consent, and the Venerable Brother Celso Costantini, titular Archbishop of Theodosius and Apostolic Delegate to the Chinese, has given his approval, it has been lately proposed that this same Apostolic Vicariate of Canton shall be divided again and a new independent mission be established, to be committed to the care of the missionaries from Maryknoll. We, therefore, desirous of looking after the greatest good of souls, together with the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, have weighed all the circumstances and subjected them to a diligent examination, and have placed the matter before the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda; and We have judged that those things herein written out to be set down.

Truly, *motu proprio*, from Our certain knowledge and mature deliberation, and of the fulness of Our Apostolic Power, under the present conditions, We do take from the Apostolic Vicariate of Canton, the territory which is bounded on the east by the diocese of Macao and the apostolic vicariate of Canton, on the south by the China Sea, on the west by the apostolic vicariate of West Kwangtung and Hai-nan, and on the north by the apostolic vicariate of Kwangsi, embracing the civil prefectures of Saining, Loting, Wan-fau, Yeungkong, Sunyi, Tinpak, Maoming, Sanning, Tehek-kai, and Sanwui, and also the Island of Sancian. This territory, thus dismembered or separated from the Apostolic Vicariate of Canton by this same authority of Ours, We constitute an Apostolic Prefecture, the name of which shall be the Apostolic Prefecture of Kongmoon, and We commit it to the care of the members of the Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll.

We publish these things, decreeing that the present letters shall be and remain firm, valid, and efficacious forever, and that they shall have and keep their full and integral effect, and be upheld fully now and in the future by those to whom they refer or could refer; and so it is to be judged and defined, and anything different which may be attempted over and above these things, by anyone, by any authority whatever, knowingly or unknowingly, is to be made null and void: no Apostolic Constitutions or other rulings which have anything to the contrary obstructing, even those worthy of individual and specific mention.

Given at St. Peter's at Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman, the XXXI day of the month of January, in the year MDCCCXXIV, the second of Our Pontificate.

✠ P. Cardinal Gaspari,

Secretary.

Sacrifices and prayers are of priceless value to the mission cause, which you can help even if you can give neither your personal service nor money.

BOSTON AND OUR FIRST MISSION CENTER.

Msgr. James Edward Walsh, Maryknoll's first Prefect Apostolic, who for some months past has been in the United States gathering funds for the new Mission Center of Kongmoon, has returned to China. Msgr. Walsh was most fortunate in finding so warm a welcome in the Archdiocese of Boston, thanks to the favor of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, that his quest was practically confined to that diocese. He visited thirty-seven churches, and had he not been called to China for an important council at Shanghai, he would have reached with full success the entire amount for which he was seeking.

Even as it is Msgr. Walsh considers that the history of Maryknoll in China will record that

The first American Mission Center in China was provided at Kongmoon by the Archdiocese of Boston.

A diocese will establish the center. Perhaps some day Msgr. Walsh can find, in these United States, parishes that are out of debt, to sponsor the several missions that will be governed from this center.

The council to which Msgr. Walsh was called was the first of its kind ever held in China, being convened at the call of the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency the Most Rev. Celso Costantini. Good results should come from this gathering of mission superiors under the presidency of a representative of the Holy Father.

THE WORLD EXPOSITION OF MISSIONS.

"THE Holy Father is stressing missions," said a priest from Europe recently, "therefore so is all Rome. The household of the Pope takes its cues from the wishes of His Holiness, and each occupant of the papal chair turns his energies to what he interprets as the pressure topics of his times. Missions are among those holding the heart of Pius XI, as 1925 will prove."

In 1923 the mails bore to every

FOR STRONGER DEVELOPMENT IN MISSION FIELDS.

continent the announcement that, at the Holy Father's wish, the Jubilee Year of 1925 was to see, in Rome, a World Exposition of Missions. We published the announcement at the time. Specially designed exposition buildings of concrete are even now well on the way to completion. Two great aims, we are told, govern the Holy Father in this project. He wishes the Jubilee Year to be an occasion for a forceful driving home of the mission idea to all Catholic peoples, and he wishes the world to know that the Church combines teaching the Gospel with the development of science, turning science to the saving of souls. Scholarship will run hand in hand with mission publicity at the Vatican in 1925, and the head of Christendom will be the worthy spur of both.

The Exposition Committee, with Archbishop Marchetti-Selvaggiani, secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, as chairman, now has the details of preparation worked out to the smallest minutiae. The directions going forth from Rome to jungle lands, to the islands of the sea, and to every continent, suggest even the color of ink in which specimen labels should be written. Efficiency is to mark the whole tremendous undertaking.

Complete details are asked of every mission community and each missionary. These contributions from every field will make of the exhibit a world museum of ethnography. Photographs, models, and in some cases living tribes and peoples will be in the exhibit halls. Home life, recreations, business life, intellectual pursuits, and religious life are all to be portrayed. The geography, climate, flora, fauna, minerals, and every other field in the study of countries will be given place by charts or specimens. One request is for seeds and slips of flowers or shrubbery from every land for the exposition gardens. The philatelist also will have his corner; collections of postage

stamps are asked from every mission.

His Holiness, a lover of libraries, emphasizes particularly the gathering of as complete a collection as possible of mission books. The library is to be permanently established at the Vatican.

Will Maryknoll be represented? Yes, and the other mission societies in America.



FRANCIS X. TSU, B.S.
Recently graduated from Dayton University and returned to China.

FRANCIS TSU, before leaving the United States, discovered in the *Chinese Students' Monthly*, a magazine published by non-Catholic Chinese in this country, the following paragraph:

Then there is the Roman Catholic Church in which are observed so many realistic ceremonies and manners of worship that are most liable to mislead the equally realistic Chinese to worship idols and images. Nominally they are Christians, whereas, in fact, they simply removed the "Goddess of Birth" for an occidental image of St. Mary. It is no place here for us to discuss whether we should abolish church denominations. Nevertheless, it is vitally important that we should exercise discretion in order that no evil shall creep into our path.

The above is said to be typical of those Chinese students in America who think they know something about Christianity. The fact is that many of them have

been filled up with antiquated and prejudiced views of the Catholic Church and some of them have never heard of it except in a most remote way.

It is good to feel that there are today some Catholic Chinese students in this country and that the number is steadily growing. We shall have in these young men champions of the faith when they return to their native land.

A "Drive for Vocations" is the latest and by no means the least important phase of Catholic activities. May was the month chosen in a certain parish for this drive, and the sermons of the entire month were devoted to the subject. Prayers, too, and Communion remembrances were requested, and explanatory pamphlets distributed.

A friend in California read a list of Maryknoll needs. This friend is poor and could not begin to think of sending any considerable gift, but has pledged himself to donate either one dollar a month or one dollar a quarter, for some special Maryknoll need or for its needs in general. We welcome such cooperation, the more so as it gives us assurance of some steady income.

Six Sisters of the Precious Blood have left Manchester, N. H., for China, and will establish themselves in Tientsin, a very important city in the Province of Chihli. This is good news and it adds one more to the several groups of American Sisters working in the Land of the Blue Gown.

Within the past five years we have chronicled the departure from America of Sisters representing five different orders.

American Sisters are now also in the foreign mission field of Africa. We learn from Monsignor McGlinchey that three from Boston are in Uganda and one in Oceania; also that there is a Sister from Gardner, Mass., in the mission of Johannesburg, South Africa.

China, Korea, and Home — By Mother Mary Joseph

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH, the Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters, reached the United States after a seven-months' visitation, and, notwithstanding many difficulties of travel, returned in good health, well satisfied with what she had seen and heard. In the present issue of *THE FIELD AFAR* we publish the final installment of her travel letters:

Our original plan was to leave Shiuhing on Sunday, but there was no boat, so that Monday gave us another day's outing quite different from any other we had experienced. As soon as breakfast was finished, Mother Catherine, two of the Sisters, Mary and Teresa Yeung, and we three, left the compound and took a short-cut across the fields that brought us to the river, where a large flat-bottomed boat, poled by two women, was awaiting us. For almost three hours we went up stream. The day was perfect; the water still and clear, the landscape, hills under cultivation, rice fields and little wooded areas afforded us one lovely picture after another.

Our destination was Fr. Netto's mission, where we were to have dinner, and our arrival was heralded by an abundance of firecrackers. The pastor was very cordial and full of good humor, and our visit was delightful. The church and house are new and a school with industrial workrooms is under way, the whole being done through a large gift from Fr. Walsh, S. J., of New York. It was to show his appreciation of American generosity that Fr. Netto gave us such a reception. After a dinner of many courses, we walked through the village which suffers much every year from floods, in spite of the dykes that protect it.

Later in the afternoon we went down the river to another mission of the Jesuits, where every soul is Catholic. There we had afternoon tea in the summer house, visited the church and the garden in which there is a swimming tank—home-made to be sure, but very good and satisfying in the fearful summer heat. Before leaving, we had to sit very formally in great chairs while men, women, and children made

their genuflection before us.

Supper was ready when we reached the convent and then we hurried off to pack our bags, for we expected to catch the boat from Wuchow en route to Hongkong at ten o'clock.

The children gathered to say goodbye, their friendly little faces smiling up at us by the light of lanterns. We wished we might have stayed longer in this truly-blessed spot, but when the chairs were announced, we knew that another parting had come. Mother

Catherine, with characteristic thoughtfulness, sent two of her women with us, and glad we were of their faithful escort.

Shortly before ten we were at the river again, and, as the big boat would stop in midstream, we hired a sampan rather than get on the large boat crowded with Chinese travelers, and hurriedly tumbled in lest we be too late for the boat due in a few minutes. But we had forgotten for the moment that we were in China; we had time and to spare, for we sat under the



A PICTURESQUE CHINESE BRIDGE NEAR SHANGHAI.

AN ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING BOOK.

starry sky, in the chill, night, river air, till three-thirty in the morning. How welcome the boat was, no one but ourselves will ever know. But our trials were not yet over. We climbed somehow or other into the boat from our sampan, and made our way upstairs, looking in vain for someone who could direct us. Nor was walking easy, for the decks were crowded with sleeping Chinese so rolled up that one could not distinguish them from baggage. I stepped on several, I'm sorry to say, who did no more than grunt and turn over. Chinese patience alone would endure such treatment in silence.

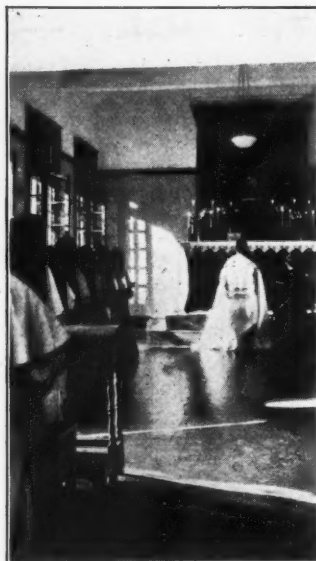
Finally we reached the top deck and made for the bow reserved for the crew. We didn't care, however, and settled ourselves on the floor with eyes almost closed. Then Teresa and Mary went in search of a steward who at last gave us two cabins which we had to give up at half-past six. But two hours of sleep on a berth could not be resisted and we turned in, clothes and all, and fell asleep to the tune of Mah Jong in full force below us. At six we were turned out—we had reached Sam Shui—but two other cabins were assigned as soon as their occupants had left.

The rest of the trip was uneventful enough. The captain delighted us with river legends and the day passed quickly. We were not expected at home, which we reached just in time for night prayer, and happy was our reunion. One fact was impressed upon us, namely, that we had only seven more days in South China and then there would be a real parting—perhaps forever.

Fr. Byrne and Fr. Morris rejoiced our hearts by meeting us at Mukden. Both are very well and in the best of spirits.

At Shingishu we were greeted by a delegation of men and one lone woman, who, however, was equal to the ordeal, and we had our first glimpse of stiff, white, voluminous clothes, strange

Wanted: Godfathers and godmothers for derelict waifs, also sons and daughters for homeless aged. Five dollars a month will support individuals in either class.



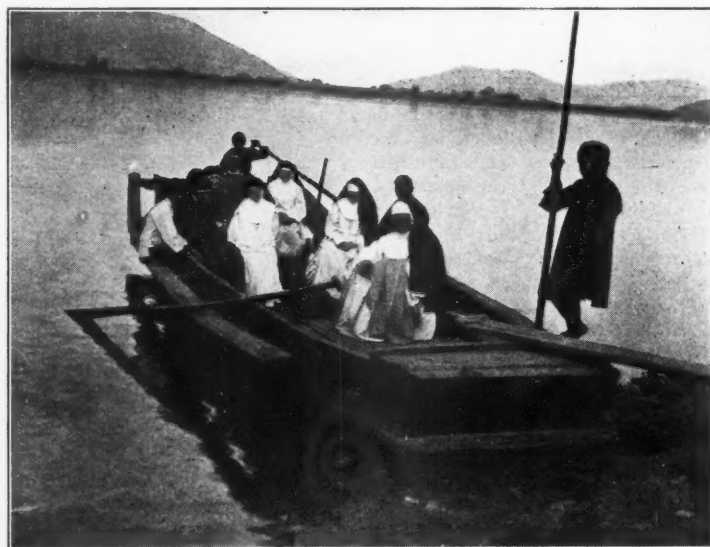
OUR SISTERS' CHAPEL, KOWLOON
Benediction before the return to America.

headgears, and the deep bows that seem to compel a return of the compliment. Rickshaws conveyed us to the chapel, two very small rooms in the catechist's house, where a goodly crowd—perhaps fifty—were gathered to see the sights.

The children dressed like their elders but with little jackets of bright green or pink, which made one think of a garden miraculously blooming in the midst of winter. While Fr. Morris said Mass we went to confession, and then, kneeling on the floor, assisted at Fr. Byrne's Mass. At its close we had the supreme privilege and joy of pledging ourselves wholly to God, forever. It was all so simple, so devotional that there was nothing to distract us from the great act of the day. Both of us asked God, at the moment we felt we were especially dear to Him, to bless abundantly the work of Maryknollers in this "Land of the Morning Radiance."

We finished our thanksgiving just in time to repair to the next small room for the feast prepared in our honor, and when we were comfortably squatted on the floor, a little low table on which were fourteen different courses—we stopped to count them, to the gratification of our hosts who surrounded us—was placed before each of us.

After we had done our best with the strange dishes, and Fr. Byrne had exhausted his stock of Korean "thank yous," we departed in rickshaws for the Yalu river, where he made good



MOTHER CATHERINE, SOME OF THE SISTERS, AND WE THREE.
At the shore of Shuihing, a large, flat-bottomed boat, poled by two women, awaited us.

his promise of a palli ride—a delightful experience. We were tucked up warmly on the huge sleds, and the "skipper" poled us across the ice at no inconsiderable speed. But for a heavy snow recently fallen, we could have gone all the way to Gishu. As it was, by eleven o'clock we were packed into a three-seated auto, bags, shawls, and all, and by twelve we were at the gates of Maryknoll-in-Korea.

Fr. Cleary and Fr. Sye, the Korean priest, had the Sisters, children, and many adults lined up to greet us—and pictures were taken of the great event.

Fr. Byrne has described the property, so I will not, beyond saying that it is very attractive, and that the artistic church is the cleanest and the most devotional I have visited.

We have the summer quarters of the two native Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, who prefer their floor-heated rooms below for the winter. Fr. Byrne, with the others, not forgetting Bro. Isidore, had fixed up two large rooms, even to putting in stoves, so we find every need anticipated. One room serves as dormitory, the other as community room and refectory. Bro. Isidore cooks our meals and the Sisters would wait on us by inches if we allowed it. One speaks a little French, but we all seem to know the language of the heart and good comradeship, and recreation is a period of fun for all.

It's a real bit of Mother Maryknoll here and you would feel gratified to see the way the common life is observed from rising to the Great Silence, in this new mission. When we make our visits, even though the church is very cold, we almost invariably find one or another of the priests making his, reading his Office, or making the Stations, quite like a native in stockinged feet; and if our walk is in the late afternoon, we are sure to see them passing along the rectory path saying the rosary.

The school, now in the hands of the native Sisters, is well attended, and we shall have a good start with the group.

The little ones, like all children, are winsome, and, while shy at first, soon warm up under a bit of attention. The school building is small and inadequate.



A GROUP OF STUDENTS BAPTIZED BY THE REV. FR. CLOUGHERTY, OF THE PITTSBURGH DIOCESE.

Fr. Clougherty accompanied Bishop Tacconi from this country to China.

The convent, too, must be enlarged if we are to send six Sisters in the fall.

How very necessary money is cannot be appreciated till one sees the utter inability of making progress here without it. The section is a Protestant stronghold and our task becomes doubly difficult. In most places we meet Protestants who work honorably and are sincere and fine, but here we have the "mud-slinging" type who do not scruple to present in lantern lectures the beautiful cathedrals of Europe as the Protestant churches of America.

I have seen so little of the people that I can form hardly even a passing judgment yet. But I do like their smiles and their bows and their gracious little attempts to serve us, and I admire their fidelity in attending even daily Mass in this bitter cold weather—28 degrees below zero.

To go back a bit to Han Yang, which I passed over in my eagerness to get to our Korean Maryknoll.

We were most cordially received by the Irish Fathers and by our friends the Loretto Sisters, who had grown dear to us on the ocean trip. We found the Sisters comfortably housed in the priests' quarters, vacated by them till the convent will be built. They have a little school under way and a workroom, but much of their time now is

given to study and to getting adjusted.

At Kaifeng, where the Sisters of Providence have been at work for four years, we spent three never-to-be-forgotten days. It was near the New Year, and all works were suspended, so we spent the time sight-seeing in the



TOPSIDE.

The watchman at the Sisters' convent, Kowloon.

IS NOW ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND.



The early bird.

beautiful old city, and telling the Sisters all we could remember about the things back home. Bishop Howard, recently consecrated in Dubuque, has a devoted sister in this convent.

Fr. Clougherty, who came over with the Sisters of Providence, has done excellent work. He has a boys' school. Students pay two dollars a month, paying for six months in advance. The first year, five hours in English are given daily, one, in Chinese. After the first year, all studies are presented in English. He has Chinese interpreters for the beginning. The English course itself consists of the Baltimore Catechism, a larger catechism, Bible History, Church History, Old and New Testament. In three years he has had over one hundred ten baptisms of boys, many from the best families. He has the poorest of accommodations, and he cannot begin to receive all who apply. Whether this system would work here in Korea or in South China, I don't know, but it is an undoubted success in Kaifeng. Fr. Clougherty is sending two of his boys to America this year to be educated for the priesthood—one to Detroit, the other to Mt. St. Mary's. Fr. Clougherty is assisted in his work by Fr. Healy, of Detroit, who joined him lately, and two seminarians.

At Peking we were guests of the Sisters of Charity, who took us into the bosom of their family and made our stay in the City Wonderful a happy one. Our one regret was that we missed the Apostolic Delegate, who left Peking the morning we arrived.

We have announced the start of a new convent in Loting. The idea seems a little wild since our first convent, at Yeungkong, has not had a dozen benefactors and was built from borrowed money; but we argue that if God has supplied the personnel—there are six



The worm turns.

RECOMPENSE.

Forget thy people and thy father's house;
Be thou expatriate for love of Me;
For grace is poured abroad upon thy lips,
And heathen nations I would save through thee.
With gladness and with joy shall they be brought
To worship in the temples of the King.
And souls, whose life thy sacrifice has bought,
Eternal hymns of praise to Me shall sing.
Though thou thy home and kindred dost forsake
To preach good tidings on a foreign shore,
I will not leave thee friendless and alone;
I will repay a hundred fold, and more;
Friends shall be thine where friendship doth not end;
In place of father, sons are born to thee;
And I, thy kindred, home, and bosom friend,
Thy father, mother, brethren—all, shall be.

M. A. C., Maryknoll

fine American Sisters waiting at Kowloon (Hongkong) for word to go—the building must follow. Five thousand dollars are needed—together with unlimited patience in bringing even this material structure to a successful issue. Fr. McShane will supply the patience.

CHEEROGRAMS

It is with the keenest interest that I look forward each month to the arrival of THE FIELD AFAR.—New York City.

I find THE FIELD AFAR the most interesting and enterprising Catholic publication in the United States.

—Pennsylvania.

I am renewing my subscription to

THE FIELD AFAR by sending \$2. The magazine is worth it and more.
—California.

I wish to compliment Maryknoll on its splendidly written FIELD AFAR, which is so full of interesting notes and stories.—Seattle, Wash.

I hope never to be found among the missing "lapsings," and I hope also that your circulation will reach one million.—New York.

I wish to compliment you on your splendid magazine. In reading it, it seems as if I knew the priests and nuns personally.—Massachusetts.

THE FIELD AFAR is a priceless gift to the people it reaches, and when I send a dollar I don't feel that I am paying for the paper.—California.

Enclosed find money order (\$2), renewal of my subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for one year. I greatly enjoy reading the magazine and consider it worth far more than you ask for it.
—New Jersey.

I want that lively paper of yours as long as I live, and a continuance of prayers for this poor soul of mine after I'm gone. If fifty dollars will get me what I want, here it is, and a small offering at that.—New Jersey.

To my mind THE FIELD AFAR grows more interesting as your work grows bigger in the Far East. I am going to try to get you some new subscribers. I like to "peddle" Catholic papers and especially missionary ones.—Michigan.

By chance I happened to read THE FIELD AFAR and must say it's the most interesting magazine I have ever read. I am very anxious to get the next number and hope you will send it to me as soon as possible.—Porto Rico.

My subscription to THE FIELD AFAR ran out recently, but I hope the next time I shall not slip up on my renewal.

We have missed our friend every month and will surely be glad to see the magazine again.—Massachusetts.

YOU GOOD PEOPLE!

Listen! You are good, but when we asked for the construction of our first mission convent, we received only a couple of responses and had to borrow money for the contractor.

Now the second convent is going up at Loting, and "Mother says that they will need everything there: linens, chapel fittings, etc., as well as a few thousand dollars to pay the carpenter, bricklayer, plasterer, and hodcarrier."

Superior Surprises.

By Rev. F. X. Ford

ANOTHER of Maryknoll Firsts—the first visit of Mother Mary Joseph to her convent in China. Thank God for our “firsts”; they keep us young and virile and looking ahead, and they give that variety even to spiritual life which keeps the heart warm.

I doubt if ever another Mother Superior had such experiences and such a welcome, even though we say it ourselves. The more recent arrivals at Maryknoll know Mother Mary Joseph as Superior of a thriving community of almost two hundred Sisters. You see her in all the glory, as it were, of her leadership, if you see her at all in these days of big mission activities. When we left Maryknoll for the missions, she had only a small group of Sisters to mother every one of us boys. In fact, we still remember her Sunday desserts and feast day specials of a dozen years ago; we remember the lean days, too, when an unexpected influx of visitors taxed her ingenuity with hasty puddings; we recall the huge slice of pie that somehow crossed our path in reward for extra labor done—the thorough understanding of the growing boy. A Maryknoll Sister's vocation, though seemingly specialized, is extremely ver-



LINE OF BABY NURSES ARRIVING FOR THEIR WEEKLY WAGE.

satile, and the Mother Superior has filled every demand.

Our meeting, then, in China was a real Maryknoll reunion with many a laugh over old problems. It is characteristic of our meetings over here that the gap of years is quietly bridged and we take up threads of interest just where we left them off at home. Our thoughts of every one of you respectively were soon satisfied and we begin to realize how Maryknoll has grown.

Mother Mary Joseph's trip was unique in many ways, and, though she

traveled the same route that is gradually becoming a Maryknoll pathway, I'm sure her observations were different from any before. We missionaries see China close-up with a quaintly interesting introduction and a more prosaic prolonged acquaintance; we are not mere visitors but real friends of Chinese. Mother Mary Joseph became one of the Chinese family, not a mere friend. She saw China from the inside of kitchens and interior of the family quarters, cooed in unison with babies, and smiled her way into the hearts of the women folk. She saw family life as we cannot see it, women smiling without restraint and unbashful girls that are not “flappers.” The women guiding boats or doing coolie's work would chat with her unreservedly, fully confident that she could divine their thoughts.

And she traveled in the interior, and thereby shattered an illusion over here. For years we tried to picture Mother Joseph in a sampan or scrambling up a junk, and somehow gave it up. She is not so slim as she used to be, but she steadied many a sampan and crossed from bobbing craft to dancing gangplank without a hitch. She did break one chair over a poor man's back, but it must have been because the chair was weak, for the previous day she had ridden for hours without mishap.

Father Superior will be curious to hear how her trip differed from his



A COOLIE SMASHING MOTHER SUPERIOR'S BAGS AND BANDBOXES.

INTERESTING A NEW FRIEND IN THE FIELD AFAR.



THE YEUNGKONG MODE.

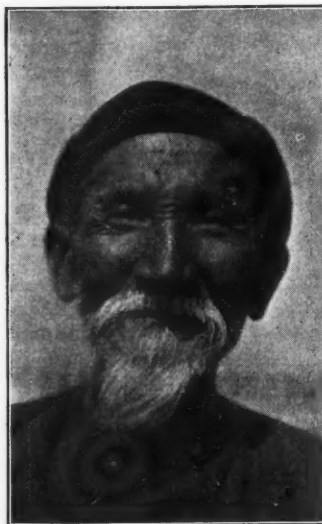
In their best bonnets, each with a baby on her back. Find the tiny feet.

last experience. She had the same delays, of course, because of tides and Chinese whims; the same uncertainty of schedule; the erratic hours of sailing and mostly of not sailing; the pigs and geese and sketchy meals that mark all travel, on our junks. She had more attention from the gaping crowds than even a prima donna would desire. But the crowning event of her month in Yeungkong was an unexpected wait of eight days in a village mission at Hoiling. We had safely burnt behind us four of the eight boats that we must take to reach Hongkong, so there was no thought of turning back when we found Boat Number Five would not leave for a week. We settled down at the mission with the grace that holy indifference gives, to while away the interval. It could have been worse: it was winter with a pleasant sun and tempered heat; there was an oceanful of seafood easily bought; we had more privacy than the average Chinese house affords and the local catechist borrowed flowers to decorate our suites. We had the town crier, at night, to wake us at intervals if perchance mosquitoes let us sleep, and, during the day, the handful of Christians did

IT'S HOTTER IN SOUTH CHINA
—read MARYKNOLL MISSION
LETTERS and cool off by comparison.

homage with gifts of seaweed, lobsters, salted shrimps, and sun-dried eggs that taste no worse than cheese or olives to a Chinese.

The little chapel was comfortably filled twice a day for Mass and evening and morning prayers and we had fifty Communions during our stay, with a successful examination of thirteen catechumens for baptism. The travelers had a peep into the ordinary village life of a missionary. Hoiling was attractive in its poverty and in its cleanliness, which is not so characteristic of interior missions, but it had, in common with most stations, a pleasant courtesy



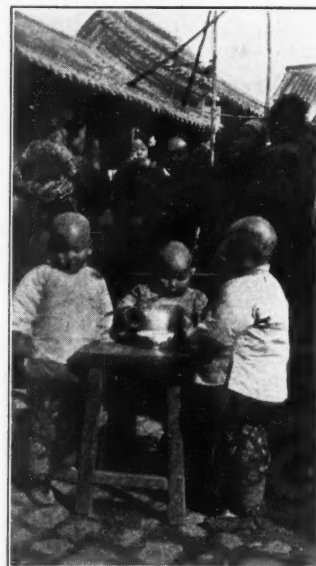
THE PATRIARCH OF YEUNGKONG.

and unlettered delicacy and genuine hospitality.

I had my moments of dread in bringing the Sisters to a mission station. When we men travel alone, the Christians take a childish delight in entertaining us by their speechless presence till the wee hours of the night, or they go to the other extreme, in frequently visited stations, of noisily refraining from intruding. Either manner is slightly monotonous, especially if protracted over eight days, and, naturally, I wanted my Christians to interest the Reverend Mother. But I need not have feared. Natural Chinese etiquette is a marvelous rule of conduct. Here were so-called uncultured islanders in a situation never before

experienced by them—the entertaining of foreign women. They had no parallel in their own life, for Chinese women rarely travel, and then only to their relatives; the men do not associate with the women in the back of the house and the women do not expect to be entertained even by the other women folk—yet these men naturally were masters in giving us just that degree of watchful attention that insured the satisfying of our wants and protected us against annoyances. At least twice a day some one or other in turn came forward with a gift of fruit or fowl or fish, and, supplemented with our can of coffee, we enjoyed our meals.

The stay was a happy one for me as the visit was unannounced and unexpected, and we caught the Christians off guard, as it were, yet faithful to their daily prayers. The pity of an ordinary visit is that we do not know how much is assumed for the special occasion. Like a bishop's visitation, our official inspection is too superficial to be thorough and I fear many a good soul graces the occasion who usually is not present. So to drop in and find a good congregation is not often our experience. Then Mother Joseph opened my eyes to another fact. A missionary, often in visiting a station, is too easily resigned to the poverty-stricken look of



TEA FOR THREE.

MISSIONARY KITS ARE NEEDED FOR OUTGOING MISSIONERS.

things to attempt any remedy. The deft arrangement of a few pots of flowers about the altar, the smoothing of ruffled linens, and the removal of incongruous litter that adorns the average Chinese room changed the appearance of our little chapel and helped devotion, and, what is better still, I'm sure the Christians will remember the points on cleanliness and keep the chapel in better condition.

There's a saying, "If you don't convert the pagans, they'll convert you." That is very true of China as elsewhere. We try to keep in sympathy with surroundings, perhaps from an exalted motive of understanding the Orientals, but most probably from pure laziness, and this results in a color blindness that cannot see dirt even in the sanctuary. Imagine what the average church at home would look like if women folk never tackled its problems with a dustcloth. Strip the church of all its beautifying accessories—its stations, altars, candles, carpets, polished wood or marble—add rough lumber, earthen floor, and sooty walls, and you have a fair picture of an ideal mission station. The reality is usually far from this, with cobweb-festooned ceiling, rude markings on the walls, a moldy dampness over everything, and unsightly junk that the Chinese blink at or admire. Personally, I like Chinese dirt as it is venerable with age and whatever smells there are, and they are many, have an exotic yet esoteric mystery about them that veils the Chinese dwelling from mere pleasure seekers. Why dinginess and disorder are unbefitting the sanctity of a chapel, was, I confess, a question with me—which shows perhaps how rapidly the Chinese had converted me—until I saw the transformation effected in a few moments by our guest. Mere cleanliness is something of a Western, if not strictly American, characteristic, but appreciation of beauty is world-wide and so long as our cleanliness does not denationalize the Chinese and is joined with simple, good taste, it will gradually find favor with the Oriental.

But Mother Mary Joseph did more than this. She gathered the little girls about her and made them fearless in my presence. In the interior the girls seem satisfied with peeping at the for-

eigner from unexpected angles. They shove their noses above the landing, if there is an upper story, and silent, persistent, heroically patient, they watch his every movement. He cannot turn a corner of the building without scattering a group of frightened but inquisitive little tots; he hears a whispering that he first confuses with the buzzing of insects or the pattering of rats; he sees vigilant shadows or protruding eyes that betray the unsatisfiable curiosity of children. It's a blessing when a man wants peace, but when duty demands an examination in the catechism, it is as harrowing for the priest as for the child. Fear robs them of their whisper and their eyes light everywhere but on the questioner, and all the coaxing that mothers use in dosing castor oil is overshadowed by our strategy in China. I always thought

it was the foreign face and clothes that frightened them, but I look and dress more Chinese than the Reverend Mother did, and yet they ran to her and lost their bashfulness.

Her whole trip emphasized the hold our Sisters will have on Chinese women and the utter need of such influence to gain their hearts. We men go through China and do some good in converting men, but the backbone of idolatry is the "devout female sex." The Chinese mother, despite her low esteem outside the home, is the real molder of the faith of her children, and an enduring Church is founded on her conversion.

The visit of the Mother Superior then, in confirming the work begun by her convents in China, is really a milestone that will record the beginning of a permanent foothold of the Church in our missions.



THE COMPOUND AT FR. MEYER'S.

Hoingan, showing the church, school, and dormitory.

At T'aan On.

FR. MEYER is gradually covering his new mission in the land of returned "Americans" and, in a recent letter, he gives us some of his findings:

I am afraid I shall have to take a few lessons in Spanish or lose my standing here. I have held my own with returned emigrants who spoke English and French, but others have been to Cuba or South America and accost me in Spanish.

I returned from a trip of two days out to the northwestern post of the mission—three hours away. A native nun has had a school here for the past three years, with about thirty children,

many of them pagans. The difficulty is that all her time is taken up by the school and her household duties, and she has little time left for catechising.

The round was made on my new horse for which I am seeking a benefactor. Horse and saddle cost ninety-five dollars American money. On the way back today an old fellow, at the entrance of a large village, greeted me in English, "What country you come from?" "America." "Where you going?" "To Hoingan. Come and see me." "All right." He was much surprised to learn that I was an American Catholic priest. It is probable that a considerable number of such in this vicinity will have their precon-

ceived notions as to the nationality of the Catholic Church badly jolted before long. And it is the English language that very often gives the opening.

I went to T'aan On, four miles distant, to hear confessions in preparation for Forty Hours at the Chinese New Year, a very common practice in China and peculiarly appropriate and appealing. Those who formerly engaged in all sorts of superstitions to ensure a successful and happy year now come in crowds to adore our Eucharistic Lord and to beg the true Giver of all good to bless themselves and their families for the coming year.

The Exposition took place on New Year's with the chapel crowded, since this is a village of over five hundred souls, all Catholic save two families. After the Mass, they crowded into the little common room, first the men in one group and later the women in another, for the New Year's greeting and blessing. Their visit took me back to former days in St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore where New Year's morning is spent in calling upon the various professors in their rooms and exchanging with them the greetings of the season. It is evidently an old French custom that is strikingly similar to that of the Chinese.

For the adoration, the men were divided into five sections each day and the women into three, the latter having less time because of household duties. The few sufficiently educated read the prayers in unison from their prayer books, while the groups composed of women and children or unlettered men recited the Rosary during their hours.

On the first day I noticed a distraught father bring in his young hopeful, his face covered with smallpox, for a few moments before the Blessed Sacrament. There are no laws of quarantine here and no one seems to mind, though the Chinese realize that it is a contagious disease, and though it inevitably takes its toll, particularly among the young children. We prevent that as much as possible, among the Christians, by vaccinations. The Chinese also vaccinate, but only children, and have a prejudice against doing it during cold weather, though the disease is usually at its height during the winter months, and the



FATHER O'MELIA, (PHILADELPHIA) NOW CURATE AT HOINGAN,
AND HIS TEACHER.

Fr. Thomas still keeps his smile in the Orient.

weather becomes so suddenly warm in spring that the vaccine deteriorates rapidly.

Benediction at the end of the day is an event and everyone tries to be on hand for it. The term used in Chinese is a rather free translation of the Latin, meaning literally in Chinese, "happiness from above" or "descending happiness" and appeals to the Chinese very much. The occasion gave a good opening for a talk on the necessity of daily prayer if they would have a daily "blessing from above." For we must not forget that, aside from burning incense sticks, and a bow or two to the guardian deity of the house, practiced by some each morning, all religious acts are confined, among the pagans, to certain days or certain occasions. So it is sometimes difficult to introduce the practice of daily prayer into the homes.

T'aan On is a very interesting community from the religious point of

view. There is such a large group that they need associate comparatively little with their pagan neighbors, and they have their own schools, so that Catholic discipline is more easily kept and the danger of contamination is much less. Though the first work done among them was only ten years ago, already one boy is studying Latin and three girls are in the convent in Canton, while several look forward to going.

I returned to Hoingnan to begin the Forty Hours here also. The first really warm wind of the season blew today and it was very damp. The climate here is not as dry as that of Kchow and Tungchen, and, at this season, we have much cold rain. It does not get so cold here, either, though we have had some chilly nights and my blood must be growing thin into the bargain. At any rate, I have to put an overcoat, a raincoat, and my cassock on my bed, in addition to the regular blankets.

China will be converted through the Chinese—\$100 a year pays the expenses of a Chinese seminarian. Educating priests is charity of the eternal kind.

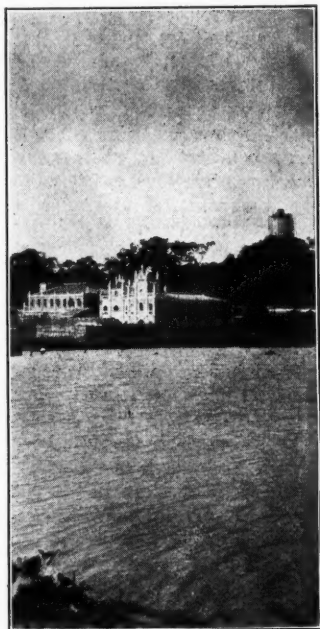
On the Circuit.

FR. DIETZ, our Maryknoller in Tungchen, must be acclimated. He is mourning the loss of his violin, which the white ants have devoured, music and all. If he can only get another fiddle, the older the better, he feels certain that he can fool the ants.

We have not been saying much about it, but one of these days we shall tell the story of how a group of youngsters in Hongkong were set up.

At present three Maryknollers are taking an occasional hand in the formative process. These are Fr. Lane, Bro. Albert, and Bro. Michael.

Souvenirs are beginning to come from our Industrial School. These lately include a bookrack for the desk, and a panel bearing in Chinese the title of the Catholic Church. The bookrack sells for three dollars, and the panels for



A VIEW OF HOINGAN ACROSS THE BAY.

Protestant compound at the left.

one dollar and up. Orders can be sent to the Maryknoll Mission Procurator, Maryknoll, N. Y.

One of our "two-year olds" on the mission field of China writes this good word for his charges:

The longer I study these good, simple, and patient people, the greater becomes my esteem for them. It would be difficult to find any people more contented, or with less of the ordinary necessities of life. Their practice of economy might well be imitated. Certainly, they should evoke unstinted praise.

Fr. Taggart has his name on the doorplate at Tungchen. He says that it is a quiet place and mission trips in the district are difficult because the Christians are so scattered with rarely more than one family in a village. But he adds: "It is the only way to get at the people, and this is a good mission, where already much has been accomplished."

One of our missionaries, giving assurance that he is reserving a Mass weekly for friends of Maryknoll, writes:

It is good to recall that next to God we owe all to our benefactors and should make some little sacrifice for those who make so many for us.

I have the children make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament before each meal, and each time they say in Chinese the *Oremus pro benefactoribus nostris* and add an Our Father and Hail Mary. They, as well as ourselves, will do better work when we realize the sacrifices others have offered and are offering for us.

In answer to a question recently asked of our Maryknoll Procurator at Hongkong, Fr. Cairns writes:

The Government college at Peking is called the Tsing Hua College, in which only English-speaking teachers are employed. The cost per student including board and lodging is \$600, Peking currency (about par with H. K. currency). Of this amount, the Government pays one-half out of the Indemnity Fund, and the other half, or \$300, Peking, must be paid by the student.

When I wrote for information, they merely sent me blanks (one enclosed) but no data. The above is not official from the College, but was found out from students.

Examinations, which the boys say are



FATHERS MEYER AND FORD ARRIVING AT THE NEW MISSION.

very hard, are held (English language) once a year in the large cities, Canton, Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow, Peking, etc., and only Chinese graduates of colleges like Sacred Heart, Canton Christian College, etc., are eligible.

One of our missionaries wrote, some time ago, to inquire about a gift of two thousand dollars which had reached him from an unknown benefactor. He applied it immediately to urgent needs in the new mission to which he had been appointed, but later found out that the gift had come from his own family. He writes:

It was a life-saver here because I found a comparatively heavy debt and urgent needs that required practically every dollar. I wish, however, that I could get hold of a similar amount now from somebody else as I need the money badly for schools. I have already opened an upper primary, and boys are coming in from all over the district.

We feel certain that the above will appeal to some of our readers, who will be quick to realize that a Catholic missionary should not be obliged to depend upon his family for the development of a work in which the Church Universal is interested.

MEANS 250,000.

SEND YOURS TODAY.

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with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

IS it warm where you are? In China it is quite so—and humid. This is the Midsummer Number of *THE FIELD AFAR*. May it cool your brow while it keeps your heart generously warm!

AT least twenty and probably twenty-four Maryknollers will be off for Asia before the close of September. We have found sponsors for the preparation and passage of a few, and we have confidence that provision will yet be made for all.

PITTSBURGH, always to the front when it is a question of Catholic activities, has now started a campaign for vocations. This idea will be followed by other dioceses; and proof, if need be, will come soon that there are vocations a-plenty in this country if the ground can be prepared and the seed cultivated.

THE Maryknoll Dozen—these are our publications—received a warm welcome at the Castle, the home of *The Shield*, and a fine notice in that enterprising paper. You should know the Maryknoll Dozen and you should know *The Shield* so as to follow

the Student Mission Movement in this country.

CHINESE Catholics and all truly Catholic missionaries will hail with delight the announcement that two natives have been made Prefects Apostolic in China.

Chinese bishops will be the next announcement, and probably this will not be far off.

It is the dawn of a new day for the Catholic Church in the vast republic of China.

THERE are twenty-five priests in the Trappist monastery near Peking. Some of these—we don't know just how many—are Chinese. The Abbot of the monastery, formerly a Procurator for the Paris Foreign Missions in Shanghai, writes most hopefully of this development of Catholic life in China, and expects before long to arrange for a second monastery. Many see in its development a splendid opening for converted bonzes (Buddhist priests), among whom there are many who, once they embrace the faith, will be strongly inclined to continue their lives as Christian monks.

A PRIEST correspondent in Philadelphia has sent us a clipping from the *Public Ledger* of that city, which gives an extensive quotation from an article written by one Georges Dubarbier in *La Nouvelle Revue* of Paris.

This gentleman seems to be much disturbed about "America's growing influence in China" which he ascribes to "neat and effective" strategy, one phase of which is to be found in orders issued to "missioners, both Protestant and Catholic, etc." He also asserts that priests and preachers in China are less intent on conversions than on commerce.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* is taken seriously in this country, but we hope that Georges of the

Barber is not taken so seriously in France. It is a pity that in this day of delicate international adjustments false statements as those quoted above should be widely circulated.

CATHOLIC Americans are beginning to know the Pacific, and the steamship line officials on our Western Coast have awakened to the exodus: Franciscans, Dominicans, Passionists, Vincentians, Marists, Jesuits, Maryknollers (priests, Brothers, and Sisters), Brothers of Mary, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Sisters of Charity, Madames of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Notre Dame (Namur), Providence Sisters, Loretto Sisters, Precious Blood Sisters. Perhaps we have omitted one or more, but you catch the idea. Each of these organizations is now engaged actively in foreign mission work, where, a few years ago, American Catholic missionaries were unknown. Isn't it fine?

IT is interesting to note that objections against the Catholic Church answered finally in the fourth century are still passing current as something entirely new.

Tacitus referred to the Christians as "haters of the human race," (Annals XV, 44) "hated because of the crimes they committed"; Minucius Felix (Octavius X, 8) considered them "skulkers and shunners of the light, silent in public but garrulous in corners." Origen records of them that they were despised as ignorant (Contra Celsum VI, 14) and outcasts of society. A little more modern in tone is a further arraignment (Contra Celsum III, 75) that "they were the enemies of science and knowledge" and (in the same work, VIII, 64) "useless members of society, they bore none of the duties and obligations of citizenship."

The Knights of Columbus might rejoice to hear of that other

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

calumny found in Minucius Felix (C. IX): "They were accused of taking dreadful oaths, and of being initiated by the slaughter and blood of an infant." Tertulian's pen has given us the further charge: "They were accused of being enemies of the State and of the people, of being guilty of treason and sacrifice, and of striving to overthrow the republic; conspirators, they met in secret to plot the destruction of the State and its religion." (Apol. chaps. III, IV.)

FROM our start, in 1911, we have tried to work with existing Catholic units and we have never regretted following the policy.

Maryknoll is a national work and seeks the good will of every diocese, every parish, every religious order of men or women, and every charitable institution in this country.

Maryknoll has had a message to deliver to all. This message has been broadcasted in one way or another, and from many bishops, priests, and religious men and women, signal encouragement has come.

Our main effort has always been to make *THE FIELD AFAR* readable and to get it read. Today it has half a million readers, and, while this is a very small percentage of the reading Catholics, it is considered a gratifying and even noteworthy accomplishment. Our circle of readers has been secured without professional agents. A letter from "the bishop," a nod of assent from the parish priest, and a talk by a Maryknoll Father—this combination has brought desired results; and today we find pastors, who, even without a visit of a Maryknoller, keep up the interest of subscribers in their respective parishes, by calling for renewals or even new subscriptions. This is cooperation in earnest, as delightful as it is heartening.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
ON SANCIAN ISLAND.

NOT a few among our subscribers have asked if the attitude of Congress towards Japan will interfere with our work in that country. Maryknoll is not engaged directly in Japan. Its missionaries are, however, in Korea, which is under the Japanese Government. No disturbing word has come from our missionaries on this delicate question, which we are under the impression that the Japanese realize is entirely political and particularly confined to conditions on the Pacific Coast. We have found in the East only words of regret that the action of Con-

gress has seemed harsh, or words of surprise that better reasons have not been advanced publicly.

We were interested, however, to read in a dispatch from Tokyo, a statement made by Count Yamamoto, former Premier of Japan, from which we quote the following:

There is no possibility of war resulting from the action of Congress. Our sword leaps from the scabbard only when the motherland is menaced or our obligations to our allies call it forth. But the immigration issue does not involve the national safety. With such an affront hurled toward Japan, our attitude must be calm, dignified, and restrained.

It is best to interpret the Senate's action not as an expression of the will of the American people, but as the result of skillful manipulation of crowd psychology, with politicians taking advantage of Hanihara's phraseology.

This is a lesson to Japan regarding the dangers of mob psychology, which, if skillfully and unscrupulously exploited, may blaze volcanically and get beyond human control.

It is most regrettable that the Senate should have voted exclusion when the same result could have been accomplished without hurting the pride of the Japanese race. Such action was unnecessarily harsh. But the worst hurt was not inflicted upon Japan, but on the cause of international peace. It will take years for the Japanese to forget this insult and rally again to the support of cooperative peace efforts.

No amount of Christian preaching or missionary work can convince us now that Christianity is an effective preventative of wars and racial struggles.

Japan has no remedy. The decision of Congress is unjust, and the cause of humanity suffers, but we can do nothing. Any attempt to retaliate would only make matters worse. Prudence is our first duty to our country.

Knowing something of the weakness of human nature, we are quite certain that at least a couple of thousand *Field Afar* subscribers will drop away from us next month. Awful, isn't it? And why? Because they don't like us? But they do. Because they cannot afford the solitary dollar we ask? Most of them can easily spare that amount.

No it is simply a case of "too much trouble." A check or post office order, an envelope, a stamp, pen and ink. These useful commodities are driving stencils away from our cabinets and good friends away from our work.

Dear lapsed Subscriber, take a good yawn and get up. Then, think of your old friend, *The Field Afar*.

BE A PROPAGANDIST IN THE GREATEST OF ALL CAUSES.



REV. A. PASCHANG

Fr. Fitzgerald of Holyoke, Mass., Springfield diocese, is an alumnus of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. He has been curate at Kichow since his arrival in China with the fifth group.



REV. F. E. FITZGERALD

Fr. Fletcher, an alumnus of the Vénard College, is of no mean city, Fall River, Mass. He was a member of the 1923 group to China, and is in training at Kichow.



REV. W. A. FLETCHER

Fr. O'Shea, our procurator at Hongkong, hails from Hoboken, so going abroad was no novelty for him. He was one of the first six men to enter the Maryknoll Seminary and was in the second group to China.



REV. W. F. O'SHEA



REV. R. A. LANE

Fr. Lane of Lawrence, Mass., is an alumnus of St. John's College, Danvers, and one of the Vénard pioneers. He has directed St. Louis Industrial School, Hongkong, since his arrival last October.



BROTHER ALBERT

Brother Albert is a native of Switzerland. He is the principal of the St. Louis Industrial School at Hongkong and sailed with the 1921 group from Maryknoll.

Brother Michael, of Philadelphia, Pa., finds his headquarters at Hongkong, since his arrival in 1923. His services as secretary have been invaluable to the procurator at that place.



BROTHER MICHAEL

Fr. Sweeney of New Britain, Conn., is an alumnus of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He is the lone pastor of Sunchong and left Maryknoll with the fourth group.



REV. J. A. SWEENEY



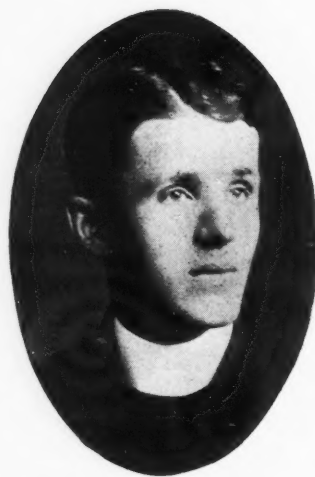
REV. G. F. WISEMAN

Fr. Murray is with Fr. Wiseman at Pingnam now, and was a neighbor of his at Cambridge, Mass. Fr. Murray was in the fourth group.



REV. J. H. MURRAY

Fr. Wiseman, the pastor of Pingnam, Kwangsi, is from Arlington, Mass., and is an alumnus of Boston College. He left Maryknoll with the third mission group.



VERY REV. JAMES EDWARD WALSH

The Line-Up

THE man who asked, "What's in a name?" seemed to imply that there isn't much in one; but we find some trouble in keeping the Walshes of Maryknoll in place. Fortunately there are only two in the official family, but unfortunately each has the same Christian name. Sometimes we think of referring to the Maryknoll Superior as Number One, thus following an example set by the Chinese; but then Number Two is Number One over in China—where, on his visits to the Far East, our Superior was called the big Number One. On this page you will find the Very Rev. James Edward Walsh, Number One in China; Maryknoll, and the Very Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, Number One in Korea. They are a few thousand miles apart and some more those



THE CHINA GROUP OF MARYKNOLL
Assembled at Hongkong to

-Up Over There.

sands of miles away from the Mother Knoll, but each, in his own territory, is too much occupied to be lonely for the other or for the home nest to which both fly back in spirit occasionally to renew their wings.

Msgr. Walsh in China has now with him a growing company made up of eighteen priests, three Brothers, and eighteen Sisters.

Fr. Byrne has a little group of three, two priests and one Brother; but, in a few weeks, two or three more priests will slip into Korea, and, about the same time, the first band of Maryknoll Sisters will arrive on the banks of the Yalu—a long trail away from the old Wabash.

Give them a prayer—and what other help you can. They deserve it.



VERY REV. PATRICK J. BYRNE

Fr. Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is an alumnus of Cathedral College, N. Y. First in the beginnings of Maryknoll, first in war for souls in China, and first in the hearts of his adopted countrymen, at Yeungkong.



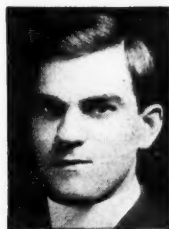
REV. F. X. FORD



Fr. Paulhus of Fall River, Mass., has been a curate with Fr. Ford at Yeungkong since his arrival in 1922 with the fifth group. Ordained at St. Mary's Seminary, he was assigned to parish work in his home diocese, from which he came to Maryknoll.

REV. A. PAULHUS

Fr. Dietz, of Oberlin, Ohio, is an alumnus of St. Francis Seminary and Catholic University. The third group brought him to Loting, but he is now stationed at the Tungchen mission.



REV. F. C. DIETZ

Fr. Gleason, a native of St. Louis, Mo., is serving his apprenticeship as curate with Frs. Ford and Paulhus at Yeungkong. He left Maryknoll with the second 1923 group.



REV. M. GLEASON



BROTHER JOHN

Brother John is a native son of Hartford, Conn. His knowledge of medicine has been helpful in his dispensary work at Tungchen. He was a member of the 1922 group.



REV. P. A. TAGGART

Fr. Taggart claims St. John's College of Brooklyn, which city claims him. He has been at Tungchen during the past year. He left Maryknoll in 1921 with the fourth group.



REV. J. E. MORRIS

Fr. Cleary, of Ithaca, N. Y., was a student at St. Bernard's Seminary previous to his entrance at Maryknoll. He was a member of 1923's first group and is stationed at Gishu, Korea.



REV. P. H. CLEARY

Fr. Morris, another Fall River man, was also an alumnus of St. Mary's, Baltimore. He is now seeing service in Korea, where he arrived in October, 1923.

Fr. McShane, of Columbus, Ind., now pastor at Loting, entered the Society from St. Mary's Seminary. He is Maryknoll's first priest and led the second group to China.



REV. D. L. MC SHANE

Fr. Toomey, curate at Loting, claims New Bedford as his home, and Fall River as his diocese. He was at St. Charles' College and St. Mary's Seminary before joining the fifth group to the Orient.



REV. J. J. TOOMEY



REV. R. C. CAIRNS

Fr. Cairns, better known as "Sandy," has many alma maters, not the least of which are St. Mary's Seminary and Holy Cross of Worcester, his home city. He is pastor of Fachow, and accompanied the third group.

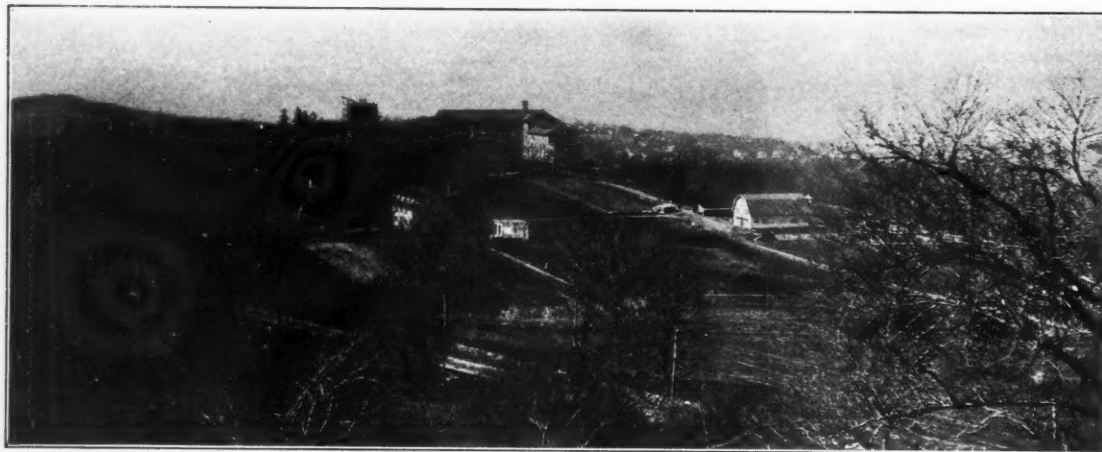


BROTHER ISIDORE

Brother Isidore left Maryknoll with the second 1923 group, late in October, and has the distinction of being the first of the Auxiliary Brothers to be stationed in Korea. He is a linguist, a cook, and a devotee of plain chant.



GROUP OF MARYKNOLL SISTERS, 1923-1924
at Hongkong to meet their Superior.



OUR HILLTOP FROM ANOTHER HILLTOP.

The tower is rising above the village of Ossining as the new Seminary advances.

Midsummer Above the Hudson.

MIDSUMMER in the mountains cannot surpass the same season at Maryknoll. Though there is a warm sky overhead, and the rain helps out the crops at times, we are happy in the realization that the river is not far away, and the cool brook flows peacefully, but surely (when it flows), along the edge of our property.

A recent issue stated that after Foundation Day half the student body goes home, and Father Foto was much perturbed to know what was to become of the other half. He knows now. With the first group returning for August first, the second half had a few days to listen to the story of the first half, before telling the plans of the better half. Just now, with only half a house full, we are beginning to taste again the days of early "beginnings" but the Father will be glad to see all the chicks on the roost soon.

The manual labor period during these vacation days is lengthened a little, so that the "sowers of the seed" may experience the joys of tilling and planting for the material harvest. It is a good experience which all, even the water boy, enjoy. But the toiling period

is only a small portion of the day's routine. Compensation and relaxation are found in a restful reading hour, a walk through beautiful Westchester county, or a plunge into the not-too-far-distant Hudson.

An innovation this summer was a class in Shakespearean reading, during three weeks of the time spent at the Knoll. Mr. Griffiths, of Chicago, who is well known throughout this country for his delightful readings from Shakespeare's works, held open-air sessions every day on the Seminary cloister, and all took a great interest in them.

The priest has a story to tell which is not only the most absorbing and of eternal interest, but is a true story of love, entitled, "From the Manger to the Cross." That he should be able to tell it well and convincingly is not only necessary, but an obligation which means either the salvation or the loss of souls. The missionary to China realizes the advantage in using every moment now in preparation.

Speaking of preparations, there

are other kinds less serious. Young hopefuls at Maryknoll cannot yet find a sixth finger for the thimble. No mother's approval is passed on the efforts of our needleworkers, but designers of crazy quilts would get many suggestions from some of the patches inflicted. Fortunately, cassocks, like charity, cover a multitude of shins, or we'd all go into stitches after Watson finishes using the needle.

With the scissors, however, the effect is not always so bad, nor sometimes so good, but our barbering is a great lesson in humility for both sheep and shearer. Our barbers give promise that "even your own mother won't know you." Needless to say, they never talk their patients into a shave - shampoo - manicure - shoe-shine. There are no tips given, but, to keep as relics for future years, each customer gets his shorn locks back. That's a hair shirt for one day, at least.

Our newly appointed Prefect Apostolic, the Very Rev. James Edward Walsh, left us sooner than we and he had expected. A

WITH EVERY

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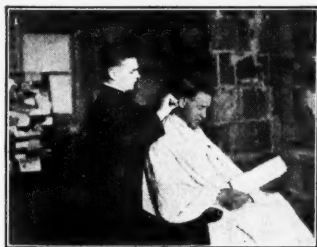
A

FRIEND

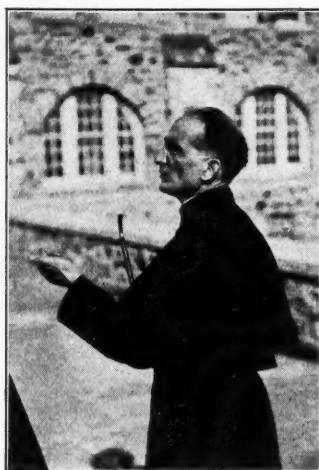
summons to attend the first Council of the Church in China caused him to hurry his plans, and in six days he had gathered his effects and bade us farewell. The morning was bright, and the farewell at the Knoll was an unusually hearty one. A brief day with his parents in Cumberland, Maryland, a hasty visit in Chicago and St. Paul, and, just a year from the day he had arrived in Seattle, Msgr. Walsh sailed from that same city for the land of his adoption.

Msgr. Walsh's departure brought to our minds an event of a few weeks previous when Mother Mary Joseph returned to the Mother Knoll after her trip to the Orient. The camera man was on hand to catch a glimpse of the welcome, but the day, somewhat dark, was lightened by the happiness radiated everywhere although rain fell in certain localities. The Mother General of the Maryknoll Sisters had many interesting experiences, which still find great favor with her hearers.

Our recent ordinations have come and gone, and Maryknoll has fifteen more priests. The day was a memorable one for all, especially for the newly-ordained and their families. Bishop Dunn, the Auxiliary Bishop of New York, officiated at the ordinations, which were held in the Seminary chapel. At the same time, thirteen young men were elevated to the subdiaconate and minor orders were conferred on some thirty aspirants.



TONSorial TREATMENT.



FATHER FOTO ASKS:
"WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER HALF?"
page 214

The young priests said their first Mass at Maryknoll the following morning, and those living not too far away left for a first Solemn Mass at home. They returned in time for Foundation Day, June 29. On that day Maryknoll celebrated its thirteenth birthday impressively, but quietly, with only our now big family and a few friends who dropped in on us.

It is four years since we broke ground for the Maryknoll Seminary. Not long ago an inquisitive native who lives within sight of the structure asked how much longer it would take to finish "that thar building."

He gasped when told that he himself would probably never see it finished. This was a little unkind, perhaps, but probably true.



OUT OF BACHELOR BUTTONS.

In these days our rich men and large corporations can finish big buildings in a hurry. We of Maryknoll must "proceed slowly" because we are a new Society and have many things to do at once, here at home and on the mission fields.

To be American in these days has a financial advantage, we admit, and if we lived in another country, we could certainly not have gotten far in the past dozen years.

On the other hand, we find that because we are American we are left quite to ourselves in the search of what is needful to fulfil our mission. This is doubtless due to the fact that those who are in a position to back us fail to realize our handicap in the line of long established missionary organizations, long since housed and in some cases well endowed.

But let it be four years or fourteen years more; this National Seminary (your own) for Foreign Missions is climbing steadily to its rooftrees and is daily becoming more adequate and more habitable.

Additions now under construction will provide sixty more student rooms, each of which is open as a memorial at five hundred dollars. Over fifty in the first section have been taken.

These are the years when Maryknoll is a-building. Daily the man on whom rests responsibility for monthly payments looks at the workers, and thrums on his multiplication table.

And he thinks on the *how* of it all—how Maryknoll has gotten so big, how friends were found to

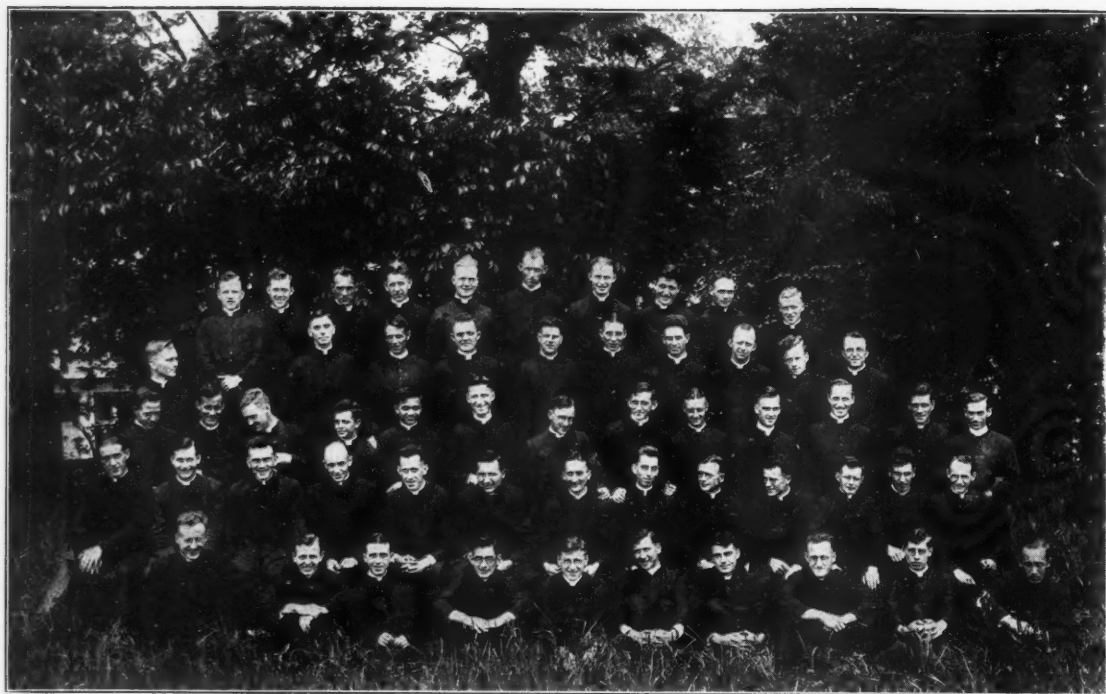


BETWEEN TWO SETS OF KEYS.

MANY FRIENDS

WILL PUSH

OUR CAUSE.



ORDINATION GROUP OF JUNE, 1924.
*Fifteen received priesthood, one diaconate, thirteen subdiaconate, thirty minor orders,
 and four tonsure.*



THE DEPARTURE OF OUR FIRST MONSIGNOR.
The Very Rev. James Edward Walsh, Prefect Apostolic of Kongmoon, leaving for China.

push it even so far, and how it is possible to get people interested in paying laborers for shoveling dirt, or hauling coal, and a hundred other hows. And he breathes a prayer of thanks, and a prayer for more—and a special prayer for those who know the value of a Stringless Gift in such a work as this.

Stewardship in the Church of Christ is an unusual experience. A great enterprise for souls starts in a small way, and, after a while, gets going so that it seems never to have started, and as if it could never stop.

Dozens of eager souls rally to it and the number swells to hundreds, who leave all to follow the Master.

They find themselves without loaves and fishes and with other needs, but they see the Master and that is enough.

An official of a certain Protestant organization landed on the Knoll some weeks ago, and, as he seemed interested, was welcomed and given hospitality.

His story runneth thus: Two youngsters—Catholics—had confused the *Catholic Students' Mission Crusade* with the *Students' Volunteer Movement*, a Protestant organization, and our visitor—a Protestant minister—had received their application for mission service.

Properly anxious to direct the youths, and realizing that they had rapped at the wrong gate, the minister made inquiries from a Propagation of the Faith Director and was referred by him to a Mission Society in the West.

Are You Ready?

Are you a boy, and ready for high school? Have you stirring within you a holy ambition to be a twentieth century Apostle of Jesus Christ?

September is close to us, and, if your purpose is strong, you should not delay.

You may write for any needed information or for application forms to the Very Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, New York.

BOYS WHO ARE DESIROUS OF SERVING GOD AS FOREIGN MISSION BROTHERS

may communicate with the V. Rev. Superior, Maryknoll, N. Y. The Maryknoll Brothers aid the work of the foreign missions as nurses, teachers, clerical workers and by almost every form of skilled and unskilled manual labor. Those who apply should have completed their grammar school course.

Later, he discovered Maryknoll as a neighbor and came to size it up.

It was a near June day and the sun had its innings in the morning. At noon the Brooklyn Preparatory Seminarians were due with some of their professors, and, just about that time, the rain had an inning.

Appetites were, of course, not dampened, and an attempt was actually made to play ball in the rain, but the winner's name was mud and nothing else.

The rough cloisters gave shelter, and good hearts gave cheer. May the sun shine next time for Brooklyn!

The presidential nomination excites no keener interest in the brass chest of a hidebound politician than does the yearly assignments to Asia on the impressionable heart of a budding Maryknoller. The "Dope Club" gets dizzy with thinking (and guessing) about them and falls apart before the real news is published. The "Dope Club" is, as you may infer, an unauthorized group of inquisitive students, who dream,

at times, of days to be in fields afar.

Here then is the slate that sent a thrill over our community when it was solemnly read from the altar on a certain Sunday in June. And below it is a second slate that brought some gasps over at the convent:

OVER-SEA ASSIGNMENTS

Priests and Brothers to Eastern Asia.

China and Korea:

Rev. James M. Drought,
(New York, N. Y.)
Rev. Joseph H. Cassidy,
(Boston, Mass.)
Rev. Charles A. Walker,
(San Francisco, Calif.)
Rev. John E. Ruppert,
(Parker, So. Dakota)
Rev. Bertin J. Ashness,
(Straits Settlements)
Rev. Edward E. LePrelle,
(Buffalo, N. Y.)
Rev. Edward V. Mueth,
(St. Louis, Mo.)
Rev. Otto A. Rauschenbach,
(St. Louis, Mo.)
Rev. Constantine F. Burns,
(Toledo, Ohio)
Rev. Patrick J. Duffy,
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)
Rev. Brother Benedict Barry,
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)
Rev. Brother Martin Barry,
(Newark, N. J.)

Sisters.

To China:

Sr. M. Raphael Harrington,
(Oakland, Calif.)
Sr. M. Bernadette Tam,
(Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands)
Sr. M. Beatrice Meyer,
(Davenport, Iowa)
Sr. M. Camillus Reynolds,
(Massena, N. Y.)
Sr. M. Rosalie Weber,
(Detroit, Mich.)
Sr. M. Ligouri Quinlan,
(Stuart's Draft, Va.)

To Korea:

Sr. M. Lucy Leduc,
(Detroit, Mich.)
Sr. M. Juliana Bedier,
(Salt Lake City, Utah)
Sr. M. Eugenia Gorman,
(Charlestown, Mass.)
Sr. M. Sylvester Collins,
(Ardmore, Pa.)
Sr. M. Andrew Smith,
(Elizabeth, N. J.)
Sr. M. Augustine Kuper,
(Baltimore, Md.)

THE FIELD AFAR IS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD; MARYKNOLL THIRTEEN.

Midsummer Musings at the Vénard.

MIDSUMMER calm reigns here since our lusty hopefuls went their several ways. One can almost hear the silence, so sharp is the contrast. But work must continue unabated, for the kindly sun and occasional thundershowers favor weeds as well as more desirable growing things; indeed, it is truly astonishing, as farmer and home garden readers can attest, how rapidly and in what numbers they appear. The handful of students and Brothers holding the fort sally forth to the battle daily, nor are the reverend faculty members absent from the struggle. This is easily the most pleasant season of the year in northern Pennsylvania, and it seems a pity that the boys should foresake our charming woods and vales, delightfully cool, for the heat and noise of the cities. Yet, the home call is ever strong; the missionary-in-the-making loves the home nest and its associations no less, because he is willing to sacrifice it for Christ.

Moreover, their going leaves an opening for that boy of yours. We have decided to accommodate a limited number of boys and young men who may be desirous of enjoying a few weeks in the mountains. The plan is to conduct a boys' camp on a small scale and at a nominal cost. All the natural advantages are to be found here, the material necessities are well provided for, while the opportunities for sports, such as baseball, tennis, swimming, hiking, etc. are excellent. All this under watchful supervision and with daily Mass at the College. Are you interested? Write to Maryknoll or to the Vénard.

Work on the new wing has been necessarily halted, but other improvements go merrily on. The main approach to the College building has been regraded, roads renovated, a new orchard planted, and last winter's Lake Vénard, which literally ran away in the spring, permanently dammed. Already the Sisters have assembled their canning implements preparatory to feverish effort when the crops come in. But the great achievement, that of lasting effect above all others, was the planting of one thousand trees on our hillsides. These trees, many of them of varieties found in northern China, were secured from the United States Agricultural Department.

And so the days pass, quietly and busily. Another year has the Maryknoll Preparatory College successfully functioned, carrying out its purpose of training future Apostles of the Lord Jesus. God has been a bountiful provider.



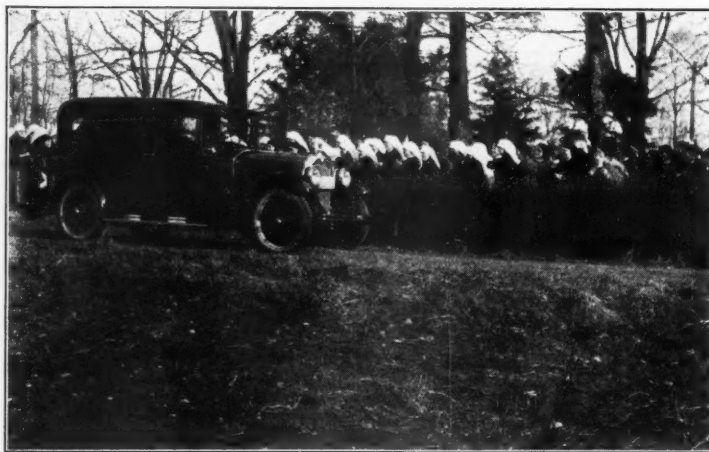
A VENARD CROSS-COUNTRY HIKE.

VENARD CAMP

For Boys from twelve to sixteen years. Open until September. If interested, write to Rev. William J. Downs, A. F. M., Clark's Summit, Pa.

We had thought to take a forward step this summer by extending at least the foundations of our Preparatory College, but, at this writing, it looks as if we must wait. We can never tell, however, in works for God, when or whence the help will come.

We need at the Vénard, a recreation hall and some classrooms. We need also a permanent College chapel, and, so far, it is open to serve as a memorial, should some individual or organization wish to perpetuate in enduring bronze some much loved name or cause.



WHEN MOTHER CAME HOME.

Rich in experiences, after seven long years of travel

HOW SHALL THEY KNOW OF CHRIST

A JAPANESE AWARD

Bamboo Phil

DID you ever slip off into a dream when you were not quite asleep? I like such dreams because you can keep the steering-wheel in your own hands.

It was a hot day in June. I had found a shady nook on a crag overlooking the lazy Pacific. My folded coat made a good pillow. All nature invited to repose. I thought I caught a bird singing "*O Yesumi nasai*"—take your honorable rest. Above my eyes a spider was fastening his aerial from one twig of a twisted cypress to another. I wondered if it was going to tune in for the stock market reports. Do spiders catch our night songs? In a moment I was stringing a wire between two starry planets. It would be great fun to get long distance and fish for the songs of the angels and the melodies of the great All Saints' Orchestra. How far does their music travel? What if a person actually picked up the voice of some departed friend? I wish I had the radio's sensitive ears; I might get a message from my own father.

But dreams spurn such clumsy contraptions as a string of wire and a cat's whisker. Presently I was sitting at my father's knees. While I knew him, he was always a masterful person and I loved to hear him express his views. This was our conversation: "Ah, Phil," he said, "I am glad you have come to me."

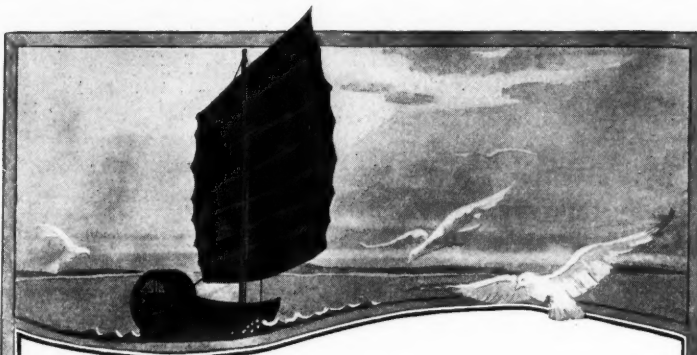
"I am happy to be with you, father."

"How are your brothers and mother?"

"The boys are at the Maryknoll Home. Mother is working."

"The boys will learn their religion well at the Home; that and the practice of it are all that count. Your mother, I hope, is a model Christian woman? There is nothing more noble than a virtuous and self-sacrificing mother. And Koichi (first-born), I have always hoped that my sons would be among the best, and I have prayed that one of them might be at the altar and become an apostle among the Japanese of America."

"I will tell my brothers about your wish. They are good boys. As for me, I shall have to become the breadwinner of the family, I fear. Oh, here are some others that I knew when we visited the hospitals. There's John Murakami, who said, after his baptism, that he was no longer afraid to enter into the dark passageway of death. And there is Joseph Kiuchi, who was miraculously relieved of pain when he prayed to the true God. It was a lucky day for you, Joseph, when you told Sister Marianna about your terrible sufferings."



For Asia in September

IF WE can find the wherewithal, twenty-four Maryknollers—priests, Brothers and Sisters—will leave early this fall for China and Korea. Five hundred dollars will be required to cover the equipment and travel expense of each.

We have no fund to meet this call. Will you help us out even with a small amount? The soldier who braves much should be sustained by those whom he represents. Is it not so?

Send your push-money soon to the

Very Rev. Superior,
Maryknoll, New York

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?

"Lucky indeed," said Joseph. "Release from a bit of physical torture was the least reward; think of what I gained in getting here. I said after my baptism that I would scrub the church floor on my knees. I had nothing to offer in compensation beyond my good will."

"How little any of us had left after our years of hard toil," interposed John Hanano. "But for our poverty we should never have learned of Christ: our poverty brought us to County Hospital, the last refuge of the down-and-out."

I could not keep from repeating to myself, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

There were Joseph Nomiya, Paul Yoshida, William Urata, Peter Damian Takeuchi, Marco Tokuyama, and six or seven women saints. And there was the man who asked for the name of Teresa in baptism. When his blessed companions taxed him with his feminine name, Mr. Haya said, "You may laugh, if you will; but the Little Flower brought me to heaven and I am proud to carry her sweet name."

One thing perplexed me, and I turned to my father: "How does it come that you all speak Japanese? Are there only Japanese in heaven? Where are the Japanese martyrs that died in the persecutions? I always had a warm devotion to the young boys who suffered so heroically. Why do we not see God here?"

"We speak Japanese among our-



JOHNNY SAYS:

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THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

Maryknoll's monthly mission chat with young folk.

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The Maryknoll Junior,
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

If your paper is like your face, we are sure the youngsters will like it. Here is fifty cents for a year's subscription for

Name

Address

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selves," was the answer; "but one of the comforts of heaven is that everyone understands everybody else. Of course, there are saints here of every race. The martyrs have reached a higher place than we, but we see them, and we see God all the time. You cannot see what we see; that sight and hap-

piness is not for the inhabitants of earth. We Japanese happen to be together in this group; for we have formed a Maryknoll Circle. There is a larger Chinese Maryknoll Circle: Father Price and Father Hodgins and Sister Gertrude often come over to visit with us. I assure you that we are all of us constant advocates before the Throne for the zealous workers below: for Sisters and Fathers and Brothers; for the two Apostles, Henry Yonai and Fred Ogura; and for that angel of charity, Elinor Markle. The Japanese martyrs are associated with us in our prayers."

"Usaka Kaneko, at Mrs. Markle's, has become a Catholic!" This was a bit of information I knew my father would relish. "He took the name of Francis of Assisi."

"Kaneko deserved that grace by his exemplary life, and I am very much pleased to know that he is one of us. If God gave him robust health, what a fine missionary he would make. I should like to see Mr. Kaneko, and Fr. Kress, and, later on, you, Phil, and Fr. Swift, make a tour of Southern California, visiting the Japanese, in what is becoming an Egyptian bondage, that you might bring all of good will to this Promised Land."

The words of my dear father impressed me; but, before I could make a suitable response, the chill of evening brought me back to this earth earthly. The sun had set behind Santa Catalina's peaks. The spider had long since finished his aerial. It was high time for the return journey. Who knows? Perhaps the threads of the dream may yet be woven into a real web for the capture of souls for heaven.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

MARYKNOLL-in-Seattle was especially happy when the good ship *President Cleveland* docked in San Francisco, and our precious Mother was once again "on the shores of her own native land" heading straight for Seattle. Suffice it to say that the reunion was a most happy one, and like Mary at the feet of her Master, we sat and listened while Mother portrayed to us the joys and sorrows of our Maryknoll Missions in China and Korea.

The Rev. Lawrance Rogan and his companion, the Rev. John Foller of the Philippine Islands, were welcomed at the Maryknoll Procure, whither Fr. Walker escorted them from the dock. They left for San Francisco the following evening. Fr. Foller was looking forward to meeting his sister whom he had not seen for eighteen years. Mill Hill, England, will be their final stop.



THE LOS ANGELES CONTINGENT.

Fr. Kress (of Cleveland) with Bro. Théophane (Boston) and Bro. Charles (New York).

IT IS YOUR PRIVILEGE TO SECURE FOR MARYKNOLL



A CLASSROOM IN ST. FRANCIS XAVIER MARYKNOLL SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES

In a recent issue we referred to our Japanese School in Los Angeles as self-supporting. Its director has proved by substantial figures that it is yet a long distance from that ideal condition. We wish, however, to renew our appreciation of Japanese generosity that has steadily manifested itself in Los Angeles.

The gentle Fr. Julius Jette, S.J., of Tancana, Alaska, long a patient at the Providence Hospital across the way, honored us with his saintly presence and told us many interesting things regarding the Indians of his Alaskan missions.

The Card Party which the Knights of Columbus held recently for the benefit of Maryknoll in Seattle netted about one hundred forty dollars. It is good to feel the cooperation of these friends and we are deeply grateful.

The Maryknoll Circle held a successful Cake Sale followed by a Rummage Sale, the combined proceeds being about one hundred dollars.

The Maryknoll Kindergarten in Seattle has had a slow but steady growth. At present, between seventy and eighty children attend daily. Visitors experience a real pleasure in observing the little tots go through their various exercises. It is especially gratifying to note the simplicity, sweetness, and warmth of feeling with which these children, so many of whom are not

Catholics, sing such familiar hymns as "Ave Maris Stella" and "O Sanctissima."

The Sisters take care of a limited number of babies and small children at their convent. However, Maryknoll-in-Seattle, like all Maryknolls, is facing the problem of fitting folks into stray corners. Hardly a day passes that at least one or two yellow daisies do not make their first appearance. The early part of last month brought ten to swell the grand total, and incidentally, increase the noise.

FOR CONFESSORS

A series of questions have been prepared for the confessions of Chinese and Japanese living away from their own country. The questions are in Latin for the confessor; in Chinese characters for Chinese penitents; and arranged phonetically for Japanese penitents.

If you are interested, drop us a line.

THE ANNUITY IDEA

James Henry had ten thousand dollars—in ten different savings banks—yielding him four hundred dollars a year. He was advised to withdraw this amount and put it into an investment that would yield him eight hundred. Luckily for Mr. Henry, he refused. "Luckily," we say, because the investors lost principal and interest.

At sixty years of age, James Henry decided to pass over his principal to a certain well established religious organization which pays him three hundred dollars every six months—six hundred a year—and this, in addition to some rents, keeps him going nicely.

And James Henry has a special satisfaction in the two-fold assurance that his income is certain and that his money will be expended for God's work.

PLOTS OF LAND YET COVERED WITH DEBT.

The Golden Brother.

By Alice Dease

"If you please, Father, Mr. Kin, from Six Families, to see you." Fr. de Groef nodded, finished the psalm he was reciting in his Office, and turned to the Chinese boy who acted as his butler—with all the other domestic offices thrown in. "Ask Mr. Kin to come in."

The visitor, who was already standing at the threshold, bowed deeply as he approached the priest. Although his dress, and, when he spoke, his language, was Chinese, his face betrayed his Mongolian origin.

The type, according to our ideas, is not beautiful, and, from long experience, the priest knew how tenacious are the superstitions of Buddhism in the Mongolian race. Therefore he was surprised when his visitor declared his wish to become a Christian.

Mr. Kin said that for fifteen years he had known of the mission at Notre Dame des Pins, and finally he had decided to join its religion. But the priest had seen too many of these would-be, would-not-be converts to feel convinced, at a first interview, of the sincerity of such a desire, and, without committing himself to anything, he told Mr. Kin how glad he was, as a follower and lover of the True God, to find others desiring to know and to love Him too. He praised Mr. Kin's intentions of becoming a Christian, referred to the Buddhist superstitions which he would have to give up, and encouraged him to persevere in his good resolutions.

"Then, when will you make me a Christian?" asked Mr. Kin.

"Gently, gently," said Fr. de Groef. "There are many things to be thought of first. It is not like changing your Sunday coat, you know, this becoming a Christian."

"I'd say it is more like changing your skin," said Mr. Kin, grimly.

Something in the man's tone encouraged the priest to believe in the genuineness of his expressed desire, and, with promises of a visit to Six Families at the first opportunity, he sent the man away for the time being.

Six Families village lay nearly eighty miles from the mission and a missionary's time is not his own; so Fr. de Groef's visit had not been realized when, about a month or more after his first visit to the priest, Mr. Kin again presented himself.

This time it was Sunday and the Christian families of the district were hearing Mass. When the service was over, the priest saw that the Mongolian had been one of the congregation. After his breakfast, he asked his boy if Mr. Kin was waiting, but there was no sign of him anywhere; and it was only when this had happened at intervals several times that the Mongolian presented himself, asking for baptism. But, on this occasion, there was no Mass, the priest having been called away to an urgent case at a distance, and it was Monday morning before he returned.

After saying Mass, the first business of the priest was, as usual, to visit the school. This was a hut, built like its neighbors around a wooden frame and roofed and walled with grass mats.

By what seemed the merest chance, Fr. de Groef suddenly stumbled upon Mr. Kin, who, hidden away behind the folds of the grass mats, was drinking in every word that the catechist was teaching to the children.

"What are you doing here?" cried the missionary, in surprise. Mr. Kin, he had learnt, belonged to a family of importance at Six Families. He was, indeed, great-nephew of a past Grand Lama, and his family had built a pagoda and had even conducted a pilgrimage to a shrine in it. This attitude, like a thief, hiding behind curtains, was something quite out of the ordinary.

"I was learning the catechism, Father," said the heathen, gravely. Mr. Kin had not been satisfied with learning what the catechist was teaching, though he had learnt a good deal in that way, for it turned out that he had made use of his hiding place in the school on the occasion of each of his visits to the mission; hence, the reason

why he could never be found. He had also borrowed books, and, when Fr. de Groef questioned him, he was able to answer, without a mistake, all the questions on doctrine that were put to him.

"Now, Father," he said, when his examination was successfully over, "will you baptize me?"

A couple of weeks later, Mr. Kin, who had spent the intervening time at the mission, was pronounced ready for baptism, and when, rejoicing in his new Christian name of Thomas, he returned to his village, he escorted a Chinese Sister who was to stay at his house and instruct his wife and family. When this was done the whole family was received into the Church. But, even so, Mr. Kin was not content.

Two things were needed for the new convert's happiness: one was the foundation of a mission at Six Families itself; the other, the conversion of his youngest brother. The Kins' father had ruined himself through extravagance in entertaining the pilgrims who had been attracted to the family pagoda, by the shrine instituted therein by his uncle.

When the youngest of the three sons was eleven years old, the father had handed him over as a gift to the bonzes at Ning-iuen-tcheou in Manchuria, a place which lay rather more than a day's journey from Six Families village.

During the years that had passed since then, Thomas Kin had succeeded to the headship of the family, and, even before he himself was converted, he had felt in his heart that his younger brother was not happy as a bonze. Now he understood it.

How, Thomas Kin asked himself, could anyone whose mind had been sufficiently cultivated to become, not only a bonze, but actually, young as he was, the superior of the bonzes, be satisfied without wanting something? As a pagan, Thomas Kin had not known what that something could be; but as a Christian, he knew that the something was—God.

In one way, it was fortunate that young Kin was his own Superior, for

PRAY TO OUR LADY OF MARYKNOLL

when his brother Thomas walked all the seventy miles that lay between his house and that of the bonzes, there was less difficulty in his being able to listen to what the newly made Christian had to say. On the other hand, if he found that the Christian doctrine was true, his high position made it much harder for him to follow the Truth.

At first he listened incredulously. Then he was tempted to refuse to hearken to these new strange doctrines that woke longings in his heart, never known before. Could it be right to take any part in a thing so totally opposed to all that, up to this time, he had followed unquestioningly? But that was just it. Now, having begun to question, he saw things in a fresh new light. He had honestly followed what he had been taught; but why? He could find no answer.

Did those around him strive even for the best they knew? If they conquered their inclinations to evil, who was pleased? Such questions as these, questions to which he could find no answer, surged up in his mind, and, in his perplexity, he turned to his brother, asking what the Christian answer to his difficulties would be.

For whatever he was asked, Thomas Kin had a ready answer, and, listening to his brother, a feeling of love woke in the heart of the bonze for the Great Spirit whose religion called into prac-

tice every noble instinct of the human heart. By responding to these impulses, men could not only glorify the Great Spirit, but they could win for themselves happiness eternal.

So far, the bonze, listening without interruption to his brother, saw clearly enough, but then came the difficulty for him of following the Truth. The very fact of his important position in the house made this all the more complicated. If the other bonzes even guessed what was in his mind, they would look upon him as a renegade.

Bonze Kin already saw what a splendid thing is martyrdom; however, in the strength of his three and twenty years, he could not help but wish to live for God a while, before dying for Him.

So Thomas Kin had to return alone to his home from his first missionary journey, leaving behind him the very books that had helped so much in his own conversion. His brother would study, and he himself would pray.

Meanwhile, the second desire of his heart possessed Thomas Kin. Although the first venture at conversion had not been crowned with immediate success, Kin knew in his heart that in time his brother would become a Christian. Prayer was the only weapon he could use to hasten the time, and to his prayers he added unceasing apostleship among his neighbors.

His wife made her friends welcome to join with her in listening to the Sister who had come from the mission to instruct her and the children. When the time came for this teacher to return home, she was able to report to Fr. de Groef that his presence was eagerly awaited at Six Families by a bevy of catechumens who intended to beg for reception into the Church.

Furthermore, when Fr. de Groef paid his promised visit to Thomas Kin, he found not only those who were already prepared for baptism, but practically the whole of Six Families so favorably disposed that he begged of Monseigneur Abels to spare a resident priest for that district.

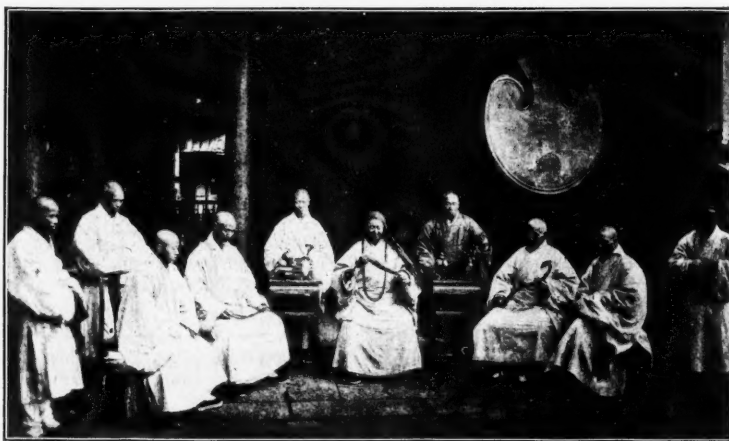
Then, indeed, it seemed as though Thomas Kin's whole desire was about to be fulfilled. There would be a priest stationed at Six Families so that the Blessed Sacrament would be always in their midst; and he had made up his mind that, once his brother was converted, the former bonze would become the catechist of the new mission.

But the difficulties that stood in the way of the bonze had not lessened, and, when Mr. Kin paid him a second visit the Superior had decided that discretion was the better part of valor; so, at dawn one morning, he put an end to his twelve years as a bonze by stealing out and joining his brother, who was waiting outside the pagoda walls. Quietly and furtively, the two men made their way on foot along the seventy miles that lay between them and the safety of Six Families.

Here, the erstwhile bonze found occupation waiting for him. Thomas Kin had resolved to build a church and a house for the priest whom the bishop had promised to send them. Early and late the two brothers and workmen at their compound labored at these buildings till both stood ready for the coming of the Son of God.

Then, with the Blessed Sacrament close to his home, with the poor people who, in the days of the family's affluence, had been their dependents, embracing the Catholic faith, Thomas Kin felt as though he could ask no more happiness from God.

The priest who was appointed to Six



Thomas learned that his brother had become not only a bonze, but actually, young as he was, the superior of the bonzes.

FOR THE CONVERSION OF PAGAN SOULS.

Families found in the ex-bonze the making of a model catechist, but in a new and growing mission, he had not the time to cultivate so promising a teacher, nor to bring his soul to its full development and utility; so he advised the young man to seek admission at the college of Notre Dame des Pins, for a course of training, after which he would be well able to teach his own people at Six Families, and many others.

Thomas Kin's occupations forbade his devoting as much time to study as he wished, and he soon began to count the days until his brother's return, when, he assured himself, he would profit by the learning of the younger man.

A short time before this happy event, Thomas Kin received a message, begging him to visit his brother at Notre Dames des Pins. No reason was given. To this request Thomas responded joyfully, thinking that his brother, now Catechist Kin, would be with him on his return. But here, for the first time, his wishes were thwarted.

The director of the college was full of praise for his pupil from Six Families. "Golden by name," exclaimed the priest, referring to the name Kin, which means gold, "and golden by nature. This he is in our eyes, but, far better, your brother is, we feel sure, golden in the eyes of Almighty God."

"Brother," said the ex-bonze, in explanation, "I know your desires. When first I came to Notre Dame, they were also mine, but since—" Mr. Kin's face betrayed none of the anxiety that filled his heart, for the Mongolian, in this respect, is like his imperturbable neighbor, the Chinaman; but his brother

er knew that he was about to shatter a cherished dream.

"I had dreamed of teaching, of instructing our own people," went on the ex-bonze, "and maybe there was pride in the thought that one of the name which had done so much in the past to encourage superstition at Six Families would help to spread the Truth in the same place. But, brother, God in His goodness has called me to something higher even than founding a Christian family."

"Yes, Mr. Kin," said the director of the college, "your brother is to be our brother, too"—for the ex-bonze had begged to be allowed to join the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, and the Superior was waiting only for the formal consent of the head of his family to accede to the request.

For a moment Mr. Kin's dreams for the future tottered like a house of cards, then fell before his eyes; but even as they fell, a prouder house rose upon the ruins.

His brother a member of a religious order! In his heart Mr. Kin had sometimes hoped that if he lived to be a very old man, he might have the happiness of seeing his son's son aspire to the dignity of the priesthood, but this was an honor of which he had never dreamed.

"Knowing that you would consent," went on the priest, "we have already chosen the name—your own—that he will bear in religion—Brother Thomas."

In the years that have passed since that day, Brother Thomas has been succeeded by many others in the Congregation of which he was the fifteenth member. He has even had, at intervals, after all, the happiness of going out to teach at Six Families. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. Kin questioned the priest who had accompanied the catechist from Notre Dame. "Brother Thomas—" said Mr. Kin, "is he useful?"

"Useful? Brother Thomas?" replied the priest, as though almost scandalized at such a question. "Why, that name of his is no use to tell you what we think of him in the Congregation. At Notre Dame des Pins, Mr. Kin, we call him 'The Golden Brother.'"

COOL OFF! — READ



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359 pp. text, 32 pp. illustrations.
Entertaining, inspiring, amusing letters from the pioneer Maryknoll missionaries to China.

All Postpaid

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

A GO-GETTER OF THE RIGHT SORT

In the last FIELD AFAR, you suggested asking our Public Libraries to put the *Maryknoll Dozen* on their shelves. I tried it with our Library, and to my great pleasure the librarian said he would take the whole dozen at once. In return I wish to send the Library THE FIELD AFAR for one year and enclose one dollar for that purpose. I hope the Library will keep it up.—Baltimore.

Hongkong Hostel.

A MARYKNOLL HOSTEL in Hongkong is our latest over-sea prospect, and is the outcome of a gentle pressure brought to bear on our missionaries by the late beloved Bishop Pozzoni and the British Government.

Here is the idea:

At Hongkong there is a university of considerable size that draws to itself Asiatic students from many sections of China and Indo-China. These students follow courses in the Arts and Sciences, and qualify for degrees of A.M., M.D., D.M.D., LL.D., B.S., etc.

A chronic difficulty, however, has been the lack of proper accommodation for such young men. While Protestant denominations have risen to this need, Catholics have not as yet been in a position to meet it. As a consequence, Catholic youth from abroad have been unprotected and in danger of losing faith and morals.

The university is a government (British) institution and its directors wisely invite religious influences. Maryknoll has had a proposition under consideration for some time past, but with its building problems on this side of the Pacific could not finance it.

The British Government at Hongkong, realizing that not all Americans are money-logged, has now kindly offered to advance a considerable portion of the hostel cost, in the form of a loan at favorable interest—and *Maryknoll will probably accept the offer.*

Should this work get started, and we hope to open the hostel at a reasonably early date, it will gradually become self-supporting. We do not, therefore, expect to call upon our friends to support students at this hostel, but in view of signal advantages to our work, we will certainly welcome gifts to cancel the mortgage we must now carry.

Associate membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society is fifty cents a year.



BROTHER MICHAEL HOGAN (PHILADELPHIA) WITH SOME OF THE BOYS FROM ST. LOUIS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

FRIENDS INDEED

I want to be with you in your work for Christ.—*Massachusetts.*

Enclosed \$5, without a string, is sent as a token of gratitude to Our Lord for a favor received.—*New York.*

Cannot provide \$500 to send one of your missionaries to China, but here is \$5 for some other need.—*Massachusetts.*

I am enclosing \$5 to go toward the wonderful work you are trying to do. I wish I could send more.—*Pennsylvania.*

I picked up a ten dollar bill on the street yesterday; so I am sending you a Stringless Gift.—*Pennsylvania.*

Five dollars of enclosed check is for Masses; the balance is to be used in the noble work you are doing.—*Wisconsin.*

Here is \$5 which I forward with the greatest pleasure. I knew you had something coming, but kept postponing it. I am glad your letter brought me to a quick decision.—*Illinois.*

After reading this month's magazine, I came to the conclusion that it was "up to me" to do something for the Maryknoll people. I cannot forget the brave missionaries who are giving their lives for our Lord.—*Connecticut.*

THE MARYKNOLL MOVIES

The Maryknoll Film has been busy as may be noted from what follows:

The Maryknoll film was very much enjoyed last night. It is certainly very educational.—*Highland Falls, N. Y.*

We beg to advise that the film made a most favorable impression, interesting throughout.—*St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Many thanks for the "Maryknoll Movies." They certainly made a "big hit" at Overbrook. Enclosed please find a small token of our appreciation. We hope to do something big for Maryknoll in the near future. "May God bless the work of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America!" is the prayer of The Gregorianum Unit, C. S. M. C., St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.

Friends of Maryknoll desiring this film may communicate with the Eastern Film Co., 220 West 42nd St., New York City, which will charge only for transportation.

Perpetual Membership with The Field Afar for life, fifty dollars.

W R O T E " M A R Y K N O L L M I S S I O N L E T T E R S . "



On Medical Matters.

[The Maryknoll Medical Apostolate is a branch of Maryknoll activities, designed to interest physicians, surgeons, dentists, and others—e.g., nurses and pharmacists—connected with medical work.

The membership conditions are simple:

(a) Yearly dues of five dollars, which secures a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR and a share in the prayers, sacrifices, and Masses offered by Maryknollers.

(b) An occasional Pater and Ave.

Members are notified periodically of special medical developments, and are informed of the disposition of all aggregate dues over and above necessary expenditures.

The Advisory Committee of the Maryknoll Medical Apostolate is composed of the following:

John B. Lynch, M.D., New York.
James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., New York.

Raymond P. Sullivan, M.D., New York.

Joseph Stanton, M.D., Boston.
Michael F. Fallon, M.D., Worcester.
Paluel J. Flagg, M.D., Secretary.

Address all inquiries to the Maryknoll Medical Apostolate, Maryknoll, New York.]

THE Maryknoll Medical Apostolate has today a membership of one hundred, mostly physicians and surgeons.

We have as yet few dentists on our lists and will communicate with yours, if he is, in your estimation, a good subject for some mission tonic.

We have recorded—not to say registered—the names of nurses, and our aim is to secure at least five hundred on the Apostolate list.

A box of samples fell into the Maryknoll shipping room recently. It had tubes of tooth-paste, bottles of mouth-wash, cakes of soap, "n'everything." Our pharmacy department claimed those containers whose contents were doubtful, and the Mission Procure-

tor secured the remainder to tuck into boxes being prepared for China and Korea.

These samples were all very welcome, and, dear Doctor, if you have a similar accumulation, send them along. If you live within a convenient radius of our Procure, you may get them over to 410 East 57th Street, New York City. Thank you.

This brings to mind a letter that came not long ago from a medical student of the gentler sex, who



YEUNGKONG'S FIRST CATHOLIC
PHYSICIAN.

*Dr. Lee was graduated last year from
Canton Medical College.*

wrote this message from the far West:

I am just about to graduate from a medical college and I have all sorts of bills coming on me, or I would send you something worth while.

In my class there are a number of students preparing to go into the foreign mission field for various non-Catholic denominations. I cannot but admire the systematic way in which they are helped while in school and have their work ready for them when they graduate. We must begin.

While I am on the subject, I must say that it has occurred to me that in great cities where there are many Catholic hospitals and physicians, a little systematic campaign for medical supplies and slightly passé apparatus might be rewarded by much helpful material. If there were just someone to go about in a car and pick up the stuff, so that the owners would not have to bother about preparing or send-

ing it, I imagine a good deal of it would be procurable. I haven't a car and I have to stick closely to a hospital for twelve or eighteen months of internship, but if nobody starts anything in this line before the end of that time, I might do it myself.

Floyd Keeler, once a Protestant minister, and closely in touch with mission enterprises, had an interesting article in *Hospital Progress* for April, on non-Catholic medical missions. In his examination of medical mission activities of the Catholic Church, Mr. Keeler faces the fact that so far it has "done practically nothing" along medical lines, but he and many more, who are watching the surely rising tide of the mission spirit on these shores, feel that this reproach will soon be taken away from us.

And, by the way, do you know *Hospital Progress*, the official magazine of the Catholic Hospital Association, whose headquarters are in Milwaukee, Wisconsin? The magazine is most attractive in form and full of interest, especially to all whose lives make contact with the hospitals of our land.

An important event to chronicle on this page is the entrance of Dr. Lee, a young Chinese physician, into the Maryknoll compound at Yeungkong, Fr. Ford's thriving mission.

Dr. Lee was graduated in 1923 from the Canton Medical College, and besides being a practicing physician is a practicing Catholic.

He will take charge of the Yeungkong dispensary and we shall watch its development with special interest.

We don't know at what salary Dr. Lee starts his work with Maryknollers, but we do know that he cannot work for nothing and that Fr. Ford, like some more of us, has no funds other than a surplus stock of faith in Divine Providence.

May we keep you on our pages, Dr. Lee! We really like your face and our readers will look for it occasionally.

WE EMPLOY NO PROFESSIONAL AGENTS.

The Circle Corner.

HERE and there we hear of friends who hesitate to form Maryknoll Mission Circles because they begin with only three or four members. Don't wait for more. You don't need many. Begin and others will gradually join you. Strength does not consist in numbers alone, but in intensity of purpose. Give your spiritual aid to this work for souls. Read mission literature at the meetings; spread it; talk to your friends about Maryknoll—lack of interest is usually due to lack of knowledge.

The idea of having Sodalities, Altar Societies, Catholic Daughters of America, Knights of Columbus, etc., for Maryknoll Circles and Clubs, thus directing some of their energies towards aiding spiritually and materially the work of the American Foreign Mission Society, is getting very popular. These Clubs and Circles realize that nothing is too small

for Maryknoll—nor is anything too big. Don't forget the old jewelry, stamps, and tinfoil—together with "Father's Check."

**A cent a day for Maryknoll.
Make that your practice.**

There was an unusual Circle Day at Maryknoll just before the month of June came in. Invitations had been broadcasted to Circles covering twenty-three States. Owing to the distance, all, of course, were not able to attend, but one hundred twenty-five came, representing the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

The Circlers arrived at noon, and few introductions were necessary, as each considered the other a friend. After settling down, souvenir post cards were written to the home folks and mailed from the Maryknoll Post Office. The large shipping room had been converted into a dining hall and lunch was served there at one o'clock. During this pleasurable hour a student quartet tried to take away

the visitors' appetites. Just before the dessert, another attempt was made when speeches were introduced.

Seriously, some fine suggestions were given in interesting talks by the Circlers, and these were followed by addresses made in turn by Reverend Mother Mary Joseph, who has recently returned from China, and by the Superior of Maryknoll. Fr. Walsh stressed the need of cooperation with pastors and diocesan directors of Mission Aid Societies. He also expressed Maryknoll's gratitude for the constant and generous support, spiritual as well as financial, given by the Circlers during the past years.

Lunch was followed by an inspection of the grounds and buildings on the Maryknoll compound. The representatives then gathered under what is known as the Circle Tree and a group picture was taken by the "court photographer."

At half-past four the convent bell called all to Solemn Benediction, and the program was con-



WHEN CIRCLES MEET.

The heads of many Circles, recently gathered at Maryknoll to discuss plans and suggestions for this branch of our work.

HAVE YOU READ PAGE 231 OF THIS MIDSUMMER NUMBER?

cluded by the singing of "Maryknoll, My Maryknoll." The Circle members were happy in their day's outing and strengthened in their purpose to continue their own interest and to increase that of all Circle members.

W—A—N—T—E—D

Circles to cooperate with Maryknoll in special efforts to help subscribers to stay on The Field Afar lists.

For information, write to the Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Holy Souls Circle, Lowell, Mass., plans to send a missionary to the Orient in September. This means \$500 worth of sacrifices for the members. Why not share in their joy and blessings? You may do so—fill out a "Ticket O' Leave." Write for one.

Summer "showers" are needed at Maryknoll. This time it is a Shower of Household Linens that we are looking for. Missioners—priests, Brothers, and Sisters—are leaving for the foreign field. YOU send them just one article to help with the outfit, or a piece of silver to help buy a blanket. *Don't wait for George to do it.*

The Knights of Columbus Glee Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., gave generously of its talent for a Maryknoll Benefit Concert. The Club cooperated with the Maryknoll Mission Circle of Milwaukee, and the affair was a huge success.

HARTFORD CRUSADERS

THE Sisters of Mercy at St. Joseph's Academy, Hartford, Conn., have sounded a new and cheering note, which we trust will be echoed throughout the land, by including Mission Day in their commencement week exercises.

The day began with Solemn

High Mass at which Fr. King, S.V.D., originator of the Students' Crusade movement and lately returned from China, preached the sermon.

Benediction was given after Mass by the Rev. Frank Thill, the Student Crusade leader, who later delivered a stirring address on Crusade ideals and activities. Fr. Keough, representing the mission activities he directs in the diocese, introduced the speaker.

Mother Mary Joseph, Superior of the Maryknoll Sisters, rounded out the program by recounting some of her experiences in China and Korea, and presenting mission life as she found it, with its joys and sorrows, its trials and consolations.

The Crusaders themselves were not "hearers" only; they became "doers" in the afternoon, and bought and sold and danced and feasted for the benefit of the missions.

It was a great day, filled with prayer, work, and play for God and souls. May Mount St. Joseph's feel deeply the reactive effect of its world-wide charity!

Mother Mary Joseph also had the privilege of addressing the novices of the Mercy Order who are fired with missionary zeal and keenly alive to mission conditions; and later of laying before the Sisters and novices of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Crusade organization which has found new friends among these splendid religious women.

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work. \$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incompletable burse and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSES.

Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Seven Dolors Burse (In memory of Rev. Daniel J. Holland, C. S. S. R.).....	657.04
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	601.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	300.60

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	1,826.65
Abp. Williams Fund, VI.....	11,000.00
Holy Spirit Burse.....	800.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Fund.....	361.00

STUDENT AID FOUNDATIONS.

A Student Aid Foundation represents \$1,000 the interest on which will supply the personal expenses of one student each year, at Maryknoll or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard.

MARYKNOLL STUDENT AID.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Fund. \$275.98

Books Received.

Berta and Beth. By Clementina. Matre and Company, Chicago. \$1.

A Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies. By Arthur Preuss. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$3.50.

Fishers of Men (A Talk on the Priesthood). By Rev. Paul Waldron. The Columban Fathers, St. Columbans, Neb.

A Little Book for Holy Week. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. \$0.05.

A Retreat for Priests. By Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P. Apostolic Mission House, Brookland Post Office, Washington, D. C. \$1.65.

Ireland's Important and Heroic Part in America's Independence and Development. By Rev. Frank L. Reynolds. John P. Daleiden Co., 1530-1532 Sedgwick St., Chicago. \$1.60.

The Angel at the Gate; The Wheat Harvest; The Fire of God; A Mass Priest; A Narrow Escape. Stories of the Sacraments. International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Five cents per copy; \$4 per hundred.

Cut Along Dotted Line and Mail to Address Below

"TICKET O' LEAVE"

MARYKNOLL, N. Y. to THE ORIENT.

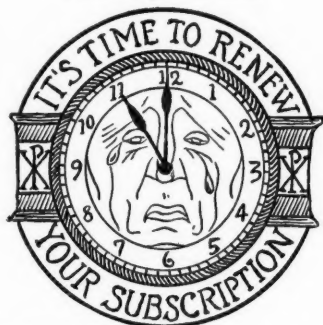
I,

hereby agree to raise the sum of one dollar toward defraying the expenses of a Maryknoll Missioner who will leave for the field afar in September.

Address: Circle Director, Maryknoll, New York.

M A N Y A P O O R F R I E N D O F O U R S.

Friendly Hands.



WE SMILE occasionally when some well-meaning visitor congratulates us on Maryknoll's popularity and adds that it must be pleasant not to worry about "the money end." Sometimes (if we think it worth while) we make known to such visitors that Maryknoll has to carry a "nice little debt" of about half a million dollars on its young shoulders. This is quite true, and while it does not mean that we are threatened with insolvency, it does mean that the scale of our work is already large.

This fact should be kept in mind by our friends when appreciating or discussing our work. They should remember, too, that Maryknoll's task is exceedingly difficult because it is building "from the ground up," training houses in the home land and missions abroad.

If much comes in, more must, in these days, go out.

We are thankful, however, to Divine Providence, and to those who respond to God's inspiration, that so far we have been able to keep on the narrow road that leads to securer heights. Each day brings its gatherings of fragments and each month records gains in three figures, occasionally some in four.

Last month was no exception, and the great gift of the month (\$2,000) came from an Archbishop for the completion of his diocesan bursary. A similar amount was received from the matured

will of Walter K. Peek, late of Brooklyn.

Another room (\$500) was secured in our new Seminary. The expenses of several students (\$250 each) were met; and our mission centers in China and Korea were remembered, especially by priests.

It was a large envelope, mailed on some train, the postmark blotted but evidently stamped on the line to Cincinnati, and it bore a blank memorandum with the words, *For the missions. From a friend.* This memorandum was attached to five Liberty Bonds, of which Maryknoll was the grateful recipient.

Two thousand new subscribers last month might appeal to us if we did not have to take off so many; but two thousand are not enough to balance our scales. So kindly add a little weight—the weight of your influence with some friend who will later thank you for having introduced such a fine chap as THE FIELD AFAR.

Makers of wills, and their advisers, are keeping in mind the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. The amounts are not large, and, as a rule, Maryknoll is only one of many legatees, but this is as it should be. What pleases and heartens us is that the value of this movement is being recognized, and that, as a consequence, each year adds to this form of support.

We ask prayers for the Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh, Bishop of Portland, also for Rt. Rev. Msgr. D. F. Curtin, Rev. John B. McGrath, Rev. Fr. Passabet, Rev. Thomas H. McLaughlin, Sr. Mary of St. Electa, Sr. M. J. Magdalene, T. J. Fitzgerald, Mary Byrne, Gertrude Goetz, Mrs. Hannah Fallon, John J. Fay, Mary McCaffrey, John McMahon, Mrs. Rogers, Mr. McDonald, Teresa Hunt, Anna Combs, John F. Mack, Mrs. M. Binning, Catherine Healey, John Healey, Mrs. W. H. Bodfish, Mary Elliott, Joseph P. Kennedy, Mrs. Mary Ann Quirk, Margaret Dixon, Mrs. Catherine Retzek, Louis Dominique Plouvier, Charlotte Rampmaier, Sr., M. Juteau, Louis Fusz.

We whisper it—that the intake reported by our Treasurer for the first six months of 1924 shows some sign of a drought. If you have the power, please squeeze a cloud and add some drops to the Treasure-tank.

Some of our burses are still climbing and two offered for the Souls in Purgatory have gone into the completed list. A third, gathered in the name of an Archdiocese yet to be recorded, has also reached the \$5,000 mark. So also has a fourth, which is at present inoperative.

We are gratified to note that an increasing number of our subscribers are taking to the idea of LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS. With every Life Subscription is included perpetual membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. The cost of a perpetual subscription is fifty dollars, which can be paid in smaller amounts covering a period of two years.

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Living: M. A. N.; S. C. and P. McC.; A. T. B.; G. C. K.; C. D. N. and family; R. J. E.; M. B. L.; C. B.; L. O'R.; Mrs. J. K.; M. D.; M. A. S.; J. W. C.; Mrs. S. McK.; Mr. and Mrs. J. K.; Mr. F. S. and family; C. H.; M. C.; P. J. H.; D. M. H.; H. L. K.; Mr. and Mrs. D. M.; F. E. P. L.; F. M. McC.; O. B.; W. M. H.; Mrs. R. A. K.; L. M. G.; S. J. D.; C. D.; L. C. O.; E. O.; J. J. F.; C. K. K.; R. and T. O'D.; A. S.

Deceased: Very Rev. Herbert F. Farrell; Rev. Francis McCourt; Myrtle Short; Michael and Alice Butler; James C. Farrell; Thomas, Ellen, and Nellie O'Neill; Margaret Connoley; Bridget Ballard; John Ballard; William J. Ward and deceased family; Annie E. Gilvarry; Joseph Naylor; Anna E. Hughes; Mary Bagan; Francis Corbett; Pierce, Ellen, and Thomas Hogan; John Earle; Robert Grimes; Anthony Doyle; Gilbert C. Mandell; James H. McGerald; Bridget, Ellen, and John Gallagher; Annie C. Rogers; Mary McCaffrey; Hannah, Edward, and Annie Splane; Margaret Welch.



WOULD SPONSOR A SEMINARIAN IF HE COULD.

STUDENT BURSSES.

A Bursse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual bursse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar bursesses.

Any bursse or share in a bursse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new bursse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Bursse.	\$4,574.18
Sister Mary Pauline Memorial (St. Elizabeth's Academy) Bursse.	4,500.00
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*But there is another side to both stories.
Here is one:*

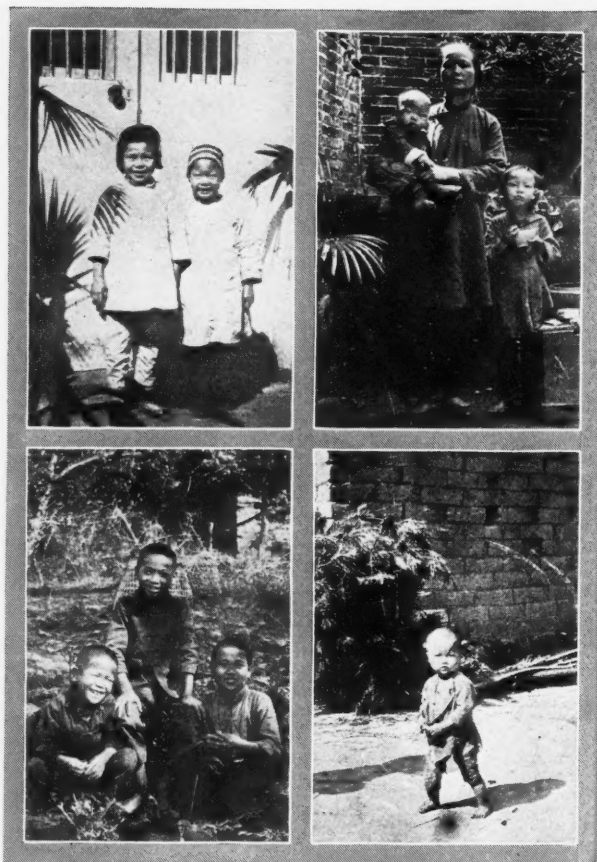
"AFTER supper, which is late in this season, the town crier makes the round of the eight or so streets. . . . He yells: 'Time for evening prayers—quick—hustle! Time for evening prayers!' When I heard it for the first time I expected robbers, so lusty is his voice. . . . Then the procession! Each man and woman takes a torch, dips it in the kitchen flame, and lights the dark lanes of the village. . . .

"But this crowd of over one hundred and fifty does not go to church, because we have no church here. Instead, the first twenty people fit into the largest room in town, the next thirty pack the courtyard and entrance, while the majority throng the alley outside. And this is not on Sunday only, but every single night of the week, and the prayers last one half hour on week nights and one whole hour on Sunday evenings. Yet these are men and women who have planted rice, ankle-deep in mud, from daybreak till six in the evening. . . .

"The devil has already refused to countenance the whole affair—at least, something inspires the dogs, ducks, pigs, and frogs each night to bark or quack or grunt or croak their disapprobation of the mighty vibrating prayer of a united village.

"This is surely God's work, not man's—for we had very little to do with it. Ours now is the work to treasure this gift of God to us, and to help the development of the spiritual life of the village."

(From "Maryknoll Mission Letters," published by Macmillan Co., N. Y.)



(One of the thirty-two illustrations in Maryknoll Mission Letters—reduced one-quarter in size.)

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